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LOVE'S REVEIL.

BY JOHN SHERMAN.

Love in a lethargy once slept
A week without awaking;
And day and night his mother wept,
As if her heart were breaking.
The Graces pinched the boy in vain;
He never felt their stinging:
They sang to him a Papistan strain;
He slept through all their singing.

To Jove at length the goddess soared,
Most miserably crying,
"Oh, save my son, Heaven's mighty Lord!
The God of Love is dying."
"To earth," said Jove, "once more repair,
And cause your cries and weeping;
A friendly touch will meet you there,
Who'll cure Love's over-sleeping."

Venus flew back; the boy was free;
For Jove, on special mission,
Had sent him green-eyed Jealousy,
Juno's own state physician.
The cure, much worse than the disease,
Olympus shook with laughter;
For love was never at his ease,
And never slumbered after.

RUPERT HALL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "East Lynne."

The long dark train swept down the avenue, through the line of trees. There was no hearse, no mourning-coach; it would have been superfluous to employ them, for the church stood within sight of the avenue gates. The clergymen, the doctors, the bearers with their heavy burden, the mourners and the followers, all were on foot, and the dreary autumn wind, whistling through the trees, scattered the falling leaves over them in showers. *That burden?* I stood at one of the upper windows, convulsed with grief, for it was all that remained of my revered and darling mother. I was young to be left in the world without her; my fifteenth birthday had but just come round.

They were soon back; so soon—as it seemed to me. The visitors remained down stairs, but my father came in search of me. He sat down on the sofa, and drew me to him; his eyes were red and swollen and his face was pale. "Jane," he whispered, drawing me to his breast, "henceforth we must be all in all to each other."

We were in my mother's dressing-room, where I had wandered to watch that departing train. As my head rested where he had placed it, my eyes fell on a pair of fur slippers, which she had used to slip on when her feet were cold, and which must have been overlooked when Charlotte put away her things after all was over. These familiar objects of every-day life brought our loss more forcibly home to me, and I cried out aloud in my desolation.

"Oh, papa! if I could but have died with her!"

"Hush, hush, my child. For you, time will arise with healing on its wings."

How long we sat there, and how hopelessly we wept, I cannot tell. That day appears, even now, so full of misery, that I care not to recall it. Ay, and for many, many days after that, I know that we both shed bitter tears; apart, if not together.

"We must have some one to supply—in a measure—her place to you," my father said to me, when a few weeks had gone by. "I cannot part with you for school——"

"School!" I interrupted. "Oh, papa! Why cannot the masters continue to come to me as usual?"

"I do not speak particularly of your studies, Jane, but you must have a companion here, one to train and guide you. If I could but find a judicious governess——"

"Oh, papa," I again pleaded, in excitement, "not a governess! Anything but that."

"Be calm, Jane, and reasonable. I tell you it would be more of a companion than a governess. It is not well for you to live on here alone. The neighbors, I hear, are already saying that I am careless of your interests. Your mother would counsel the step; let that reconcile you to it."

And I said no more.

Living at the other end of Teversham, more than a mile away, for our village was long and straggling, were some relatives of my dear mamma's. Old Mr. Rupert, and two daughters. I never liked them: even as a child, I could see they were selfish and most insincere. They were of good family, always boasting of their connection with the Ruperts at the Hall. There was quite a colony of Ruperts in and about Teversham: all very proud, and very poor—save the family at the Hall; they were rich enough. When Jane Wall, daughter of old Colonel Wall, married my father, Robert Dixon, they said she had lowered herself because she was going to be connected with the Ruperts at the Hall; while he, and his father before him, had made their money in business as solicitors.

We went to call upon old Mrs. Rupert, and told her it was decided that I should have a governess. She spoke much against it; and her daughters, Betsy and Louisa, abused governesses to my heart's content. They assured my father there was not a governess in the three kingdoms but would snap him up and marry him, if she got the chance; and it was decided, on the spur of that unlucky moment, that Louisa Rupert should take up her residence with us, and be to me in the light of a mother. I did not like the proposal in the abstract, but it was more palatable than that of the governess, and I urged it. Not that she needed urging.

She came to our house the next week, with all her luggage. Louisa Rupert must have been then about eight-and-thirty, a little younger than my dear mamma. She began by being indulgent and deferent to me; always talking of me, always praising me up to papa more than I liked—more than I thought was genuine. She deferred to my father's tastes, she humored his prejudices, she humored mine, and she was ever lively and pleasant, and made things comfortable. We had used to think Louisa Rupert ill-tempered, but she now appeared to be quite an example of sweetness.

They, these Miss Ruperts, had warned my father against governesses; they had more cause to warn him against themselves. I feel ashamed to write it, but I cannot record anything but the truth. Ere fifteen months had elapsed since our heavy day of mourning and sorrow, Louisa Rupert had become my father's wife—the second Mrs. Dixon.

Nothing was said to me of the projected match. The first person to whisper the rumor to me was Charlotte, one of our long-attached servants. I had thought it odd when, in January, Miss Rupert left our house to pass a month, as she said, at a distant watering-place. She had a married sister living there, a Mrs. Arrowsmith, but still I wondered that she did not choose a more genial season. Three weeks afterwards papa also left, and then Charlotte told me what people said—that they were gone to be married.

How angry I was!—with Charlotte. Had she told me I was gone to be married, I could not have been more indignantly disbelieving.

"Charlotte, how dare you assert so disgraceful a calumny?"

"Dear Miss Jane," she answered, "you are the only person who has not foreseen it for some months past. I fear you will find it true."

Alas! I did. In two or three days a letter came from my father, setting all doubt at rest. He had just married Louisa Rupert. He said he hoped the step would conduce to the happiness of us all, and that he had entered upon it as much for my sake as for his own.

Happiness! For my sake! I am not naturally passionate, but a storm of passion, of agony, shook me then. It was not because Louisa Rupert was exalted to authority over me; I thought not of that: but that he should so soon have forgotten my angel mother—should have lowered himself to take another wife in haste so unseemly. At least, it seemed so to me. I think it must seem so to all daughters who have to experience the like. I cannot describe the wretched feeling that oppressed my heart, and it is not fit I should. It seemed as if the shame of the act was reflected upon me.

I had thrown myself on the sofa, sobbing with all my might and main, when some one, who must have come in unheard, touched me on the sleeve and spoke, half laughingly: "Jane, how foolish you are!"

It was Lionel Rupert. A fine-grown handsome youth of twenty, sunny-tempered as the day, and merry-hearted, a rare favorite in Teversham. He was first cousin to Betsy and Louisa, and, since the latter's residence with us, had been frequently at our house. My father liked him.

I sat up and strove for calmness, rather annoyed that Lionel should have seen me giving way so, for he had a propensity for ridicule and joking. However, he did not ridicule me then.

"If I were you, Jane, I should show myself more of a man than to sob like that."

"You don't know the cause; you don't know the—the shameful"—I hesitated in my choice of a word, and then brought out a bad one—"news I have received this morning."

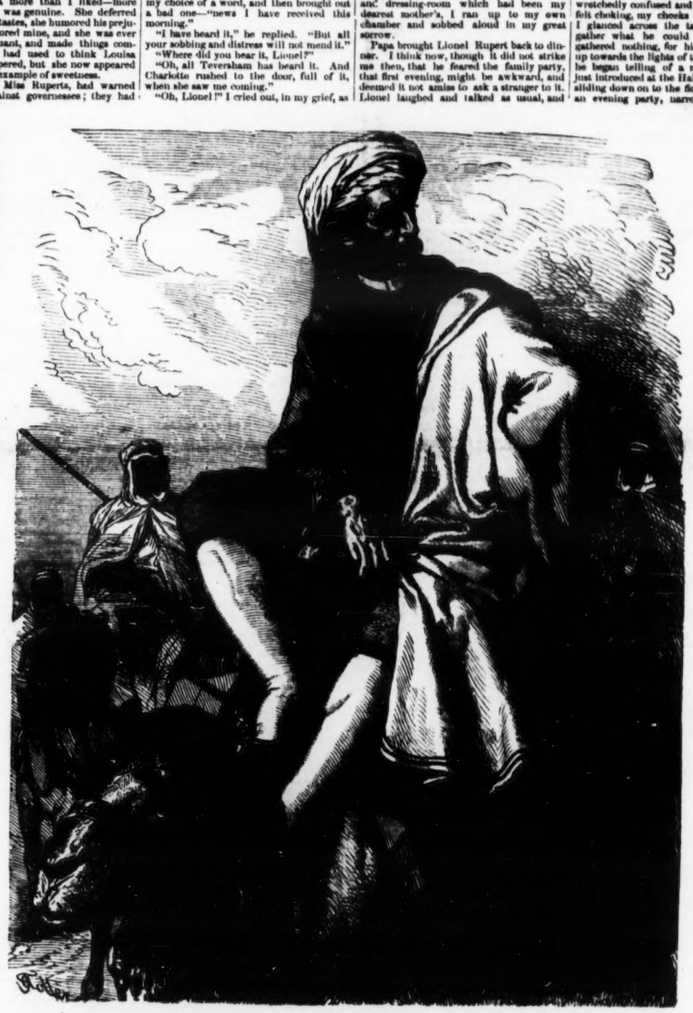
"I have heard it," he replied. "But all your sobbing and distress will not mend it."

"Where did you hear it, Lionel?"

"Oh, at Tewkham has heard it. And Charlotte rushed to the door, full of it, when she saw me coming."

"Oh, Lionel!" I cried out, in my grief, as I had given me judicious Christian counsel, and I was really striving to profit by it. But when Mrs. Dixon went up stairs to take possession for the first time of the bed-room and dressing-room which had been my dearest mother's, I ran up to my own chamber and sobbed aloud in my great sorrow.

Papa brought Lionel Rupert back to dinner. I think now, though it did not strike me then, that he feared the family party, that first evening, might be awkward, and deemed it not amiss to ask a stranger to it. Lionel laughed and talked as usual, and



THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

I darted from the place as if a hornet had stung me, and went to the side seat, where Louisa Rupert used to sit. Had I committed a crime, I could not have felt more wretchedly confused and guilty: my throat felt choking, my cheeks were burning, and I glanced across the table at Lionel, to gather what he could think of me. I gathered nothing, for his face was turned up towards the lights of the chandelier, and he began telling of a new-fashioned one, just introduced at the Hall, which had come sliding down on to the floor, in the midst of an evening party, narrowly escaping the wig and head of old Sir Acteon.

Dinner passed off pretty well; thanks, I believe, to Lionel; and the maids quitted the room. Papa cracked some filberts and handed them to me.

"Thank you," I said. "I will pass these to Mrs. Dixon."

"Keep them yourself, Jane; I will crack more for your mamma," was the reply, with an unmistakable emphasis.

"I prefer not to take any, papa," I answered. "*Mrs. Dixon* can have them." And my emphasis on "Mrs Dixon" was quite as forcible as his own.

"No quarrelling about filberts," interposed Lionel, in his straightforward, off-hand way; "they need not go begging. If Jane won't eat them, there are plenty of us who will. Try this fine pear, Jane. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Dixon, I did not perceive that the salt stopped with me."

Ah, well! Lionel might rattle on and make peace if he liked, but my heart felt as if it were breaking.

There was no change at home for several months, no perceptible one, for Mrs. Dixon knew well how to play her cards, and she let it come on gradually. Mrs. Dixon's wishes were still consulted; Mrs. Dixon's pleasure was still deferred to: if the servants demanded instructions, they would occasionally be told to "ask Mrs. Dixon." She was wearing her mother down by her constant worry: my father to mould him to her entire will; she was working to make herself first in all things, and his daughter second; and to have striven for that her palpably in the early days of her authority, would have been a dangerous game.

Do not let the reader mistake me. Of course I did not expect the first new bride could not and did not wish it; but I felt sure she was only acting a part, and I knew not where it would land me.

Before the change took place, but I felt sure—Lionel Rupert was gone. The only child of a proud and needy man, it was intended that he should be proud and needy too. The Ruperts had never suited their hands with a profession, not they. Sir Acteon Rupert, the reigning baronet, lived in genteel pinching elsewhere, never forgetting that they were Ruperts. How the funds had been found to bestow upon Lionel the noble education he had received, nobody could imagine; unless Sir Acteon, who had a liking for his young kinsman, had supplied them. But of what service was Lionel's education likely to be to him? His father would not bet him one it. He was too poor to buy him a commission, and little else would have suited the pride of the Ruperts. So Lionel remained perforce at home, shooting, fishing, idling, and plunging into young men's mischief. But at length his father died, and there came liberty for Lionel. He decided forthwith to betake himself to London.

It was in July when he came to bid us farewell, six months after my father's marriage. The pony-carriage was at the door when he came in: papa was going to drive out with Mrs. Dixon. The latter came down with her things on.

"I cannot make out what it is that is taking you to London, Lionel," she said. "You surely cannot contemplate any step that would dishonor the family?"

"Not I," cried Lionel. "I'll take care of the honor of the family."

"Not put yourself into any—any office—any profession: in short, not attempt any means of earning money to eke out your income," went on Mrs. Dixon. "It would be a disgrace upon the Ruperts forever."

"One they would never get over," gravely answered Lionel.

Lionel took leave; papa and Mrs. Dixon drove out; and I leaned my aching head on the arm of the sofa, for some feeling, akin to despair, had laid hold of me. But Lionel suddenly came back; I heard his step outside. In a moment he was in the room and had closed the door. I started up, and blushed like a guilty thing.

"Jane, I have a word to say to you, and I may as well say it now, for it is hard to tell when we shall meet again. I shall not come back here until I have built up my fortunes. I don't know how it is to be done, yet. I have the will, and I mean make the way."

"Lionel!" I exclaimed, in surprise. "Build up your fortunes! What have you just been saying to Mrs. Dixon?"

Lionel burst into a laugh. It seemed to intimate that what he said to Mrs. Dixon need not always be taken for gospel. Before he spoke, his voice and manner had changed to seriousness.

"I told her I would not disgrace the Ruperts: I hope I never shall. But their notions of disgrace differ from mine, Jane. They attach ignominy to work; I, on the contrary, think it lies with idleness. I feel, as an accountable being, that my time and talents were not given me to waste, and I purpose to employ them in the best way that fate or fortune may offer."

"Whatever will they say, Lionel? Sir Acteon will have another fit."

"What will Sir Acteon care for me? I shall be far enough away. They may never hear of me, and I dare say will never ask after me. But I told you I had a word to say. It has struck me, Jane, that when my fortunes are built up, I shall want somebody to share them. I would rather have Jane Dixon than anybody else in the world."

I was so confused as scarcely to understand him. But my heart beat against my side with a sensation of rapture which had never yet had place there.

"And as I may be building up this castle in the air while I build up my fortunes," went on Lionel, "I thought it well to assure myself, beforehand, that it was not entirely without foundation. What say you, Jane?"

I said nothing. Lionel drew my face to his.

"God bless you, Jane!" he whispered. "Remember, it may be years."

* * * * *

Years indeed went on, and there were changes in our home. Old Mrs. Rupert was dead, and Miss Betsy had come to live with us. I suppose she paid something, but these details were not spoken of to me. It seemed that the chief business of her life was to make mischief about me. I had not a will of my own: she contradicted and thwarted me in the most trifling things. Mrs. Dixon had long treated me with indifference, almost contempt. She exercised supreme authority, and I was regarded in the house as a mere cipher, put down entirely. She had gained completely the ear of my father: to appeal to him in the domestic bickerings which often arose, was worse than useless, so far as I was concerned, for he always took the part of his wife. She had contrived to imbue him with with a spirit of resentment, of dissatisfaction, towards me; so that, happen what would, I was in the wrong. The servants were fresh, except Charlotte; Mrs. Dixon was their absolute mistress: I was scarcely regarded as my father's daughter. And there were young children in our house now, who certainly did not contribute to its peace and comfort. For these three children, only one additional servant was engaged: so that our formerly orderly mode of living was broken into. Whether my father's income, a fixed one, would not really allow greater expenditure, or whether Mrs. Dixon were upon the saving plan from choice, I could not tell. I knew that I was much stinted, and could not dress as I used to do. The servants grumbled, and said they had too much work, Charlotte especially, upon which Mrs. Dixon said that she might leave; but Charlotte chose to remain on.

Oh! mine was an unhappy life! Domestic disorder and discomfort, where formerly all was so regular and peaceful; humiliating slights cast daily upon me; innocent visits of social intercourse refused to me! The children allowed me no time for visiting, Mrs. Dixon said, and *I* was expected to attend to them quite as much as any servant. Save Charlotte, there was none around to care for me, or speak to me a pleasant word, and my spirit was almost broken. In my twenty-second year, I felt like a worn-out woman, caring little for life.

But where was Lionel? Ah! for all these years he had never noticed me by letter or message; had never given token that those loving words of promise spoken on his departure were really meant in earnest, or ever to be real, and striven to school my poor, credulous, disappointed heart to the evident truth.

Lionel was no longer in London. Soon after his arrival there, news came that he had got into something, "worse than a duel," and the Regents, from Sir Arthur down to Mrs. Dixon, looked very blue and dumb, and finally discarded him from their memories. To speak of Lionel Rupert after this, would have been high treason. Three years subsequently, on the breaking out of the war with Russia, we heard that he had gone to the East, in the Commissariat department.

And the war went on, and old *Sir Arthur* died, and his son Sir Otway came into possession of the title, and the most only remaining son, Charles, was with his regiment in the Crimea.

We were sitting one day in the dining-room, which was little better than a nursery. I had the youngest child, an infant, on my lap—I generally had one or other of them—and papa was reading at a distant table, when Mr. Wall, a distant relation of my mother's entered.

"Don't disturb yourselves," he said; "I have only stepped in for a moment to tell you the sad news. I suppose you cannot have heard it yet. I have never met with anything so mournful in the whole course of my life. You must prepare yourselves for a shock, ladies, for I have two *deaths* to tell you of."

Miss Betsy reached out for her *and*-bottle salts, but the rest of us sat quietly still.

"Sir Otway got into a row this morning. He was out early, crossing his grounds, and found some men stealing off with his game. He accosted them, and they said they had bought it; but he said it was his—as it no doubt was. An altercation ensued. They were insolent, and Sir Otway was fiery. Young blood will be young blood, and Sir Otway has inherited his father's hasty temper. They came to blows, or close upon it, and when Sir Otway reached the Hall he was in a fearful state of excitement. There lay a dispatch just arrived from the East—black seal, mourning edges, official look, and all the rest of it. Poor Sir Otway opened it, and, in the act of reading its contents, fell dead."

Mrs. Dixon screamed.

"How very shocking!" exclaimed my father. "Is he really dead?"

"He is really and truly dead," replied Mr. Wall. "Died as he was falling. Not an hour ago."

"Tell the servants to close the shutters," sobbed Miss Betsy, hysterically. "Our poor cousin."

"But what was the cause? what did he die of?" interrupted my father.

"Disease of the heart, there's no doubt. Of course it will be ascertained at the post mortem. His heart was thought not to be sound, you know, and the morning's excitement must have hastened on the crisis. But——"

"The last time I saw Otway Rupert I told him he was looking ill," burst in Miss Betsy.

"Well—yes—perhaps he was," assented Mr. Wall, in a snappish tone, as if not pleased at being interrupted. "But you have not heard all. The letter brought news of his brother Charles's death. He was killed from the bursting of a shell, in the trenches before Sebastopol."

We sat speechless with horror, almost questioning the truth of Mr. Wall's words. The unexpected death of two brothers, both so fearfully sudden, was a calamity scarcely unparalleled.

"Whether it was the excitement of the quarrel alone, or that, combined with the shock of the news that killed Sir Otway, will never be decided," proceeded Mr. Wall. "But the poor young men are both dead. Sir Otway was passionately attached to his brother. Hark."

They were ringing out the passing-bell. We listened, holding in the breath. Yes, *for two*. I shivered in my seat.

"What are you about, Jane?" demanded Mrs. Dixon. "You will have the baby's frock in the fire. Be careful, if you please. Mr. Wall, who says Sir Otway had disease of the heart? I never heard of it."

"Because they kept it quiet. But he had. I met the surgeon just now, and he began to talk of it. Lady Rupert, to her lifetime could not bear it to be hinted at. Sir Otway knew of it himself."

"I knew of it, too," interposed Miss Betsy. "Louisa, do have the shutters closed."

"Ring and order it to be done," said my father. "Who is the next heir?" he added, closing his book and coming forward. "Let me see; I declare I don't remember who the next heir is, Wall."

"Why, Master Lionel, of course."

"Lionel?" I uttered, half springing from my seat. "impossible!"

"Indeed, he is, Jane," was Mr. Wall's answer. "Little as he, or anybody else, could have anticipated it, Lionel Rupert is now the inheritor. I'll be bound the thought never crossed that young fellow's mind, that he might one day step into the baronetcy."

"Pay attention to the baby, Jane," angrily repeated Mrs. Dixon again. "Mind your own business. What is it to you who has succeeded? They are not your relations. What are you shaking for?"

What indeed? What was Lionel to me? If the fairest possible hope had ever lingered in my soul, this event destroyed it. Sir Lionel Rupert was not likely to remember poor Jane Dixon.

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Another twelvemonth passed away. Sir Lionel lingered to the Crimea, and the Hall was shut up. It was understood that he had given up his post in the Commissariat, but stopped out there "to see the fun." Just before the end of the twelvemonth, however, news again came from him; he had arrived in London, and was coming home.

Christmas eve was the day fixed for his arrival, and all the Ruperts were in an excited state of mind; each one secretly hoping to be especially singled out by the young baronet more than the rest. Otway and Charles Rupert, haughty lads, had held themselves at a due distance from their poorer relatives, but Lionel had been of the poor ones, entirely one of themselves, had fellow-well-met with all. Mrs. Dixon and Betsy Rupert monopolized all the arrangements into their own hands, and managed to ingratiate themselves wonderfully with the steward, to whom Sir Lionel had entrusted the control of his affairs. It was decided by them that he should be welcomed home by a grand entertainment; a ball given at his own house the night of his arrival.

My father suggested, in his quiet way, that an entertainment might be out of place, considering the melancholy circumstances which led to Lionel's succession. But he was not listened to. That was a year ago, they said. And so it was. Poor Otway and his brother Charles were forgotten: the dead soon are; and invitations to Sir Lionel Rupert's manse, he knowing nothing whatever about it, went out to all the county.

Mrs. Dixon, leaving her children for once to the care of servants, and ordering me to see to them as well, was at the Hall, morning, noon, and night, superintending and giving orders. I believe the steward began to think—and others, too—that she took a great deal upon herself; but she was the first cousin of Sir Lionel. She and Miss Betsy sent a hasty dispatch for the sister's second daughter, Kate Arrowsmith, a girl about my own age, and she arrived at our house. They begged, in courtesy, have invited the eldest, Maria; but she was plain and awkward, I heard them whisper to one another, whereas Kate was beautiful. I wondered what looks could have to do with it, but I had not to wonder long.

Mrs. Dixon and Miss Betsy had been concocting a scheme; a little plan; and it ripened out. Charlotte got hold of it in some way, and she spoke of it to me. They intended that Kate Arrowsmith and her charms should subdue the heart and win the hand of Sir Lionel Rupert, and were thus planning for it. She was to be introduced to him, to take his heart by storm at the projected entertainment. Charlotte also got hold of something else—that I was not to be invited to make one at the Hall on the ball night. I believe the girl must have listened to conversation not meant for her, but I did not accuse her of it. I felt that what she said was true; for it would be but a few days to the ball, and nothing whatever had been said to me directly about it. The omission had not struck me before.

How angry I was! how pained and hurt! Every indignant feeling was aroused, and I determined to go if possible. It was not that I cared to see Sir Lionel; at least, I thought I did not; for every vestige of former hope had long died within me, and our meeting would be painful rather than otherwise; but they had no right to put upon me in this way, and trample me, as Charlotte called it, in the dust.

The morning after Charlotte's communication they set out as usual to the Hall—I mean Mrs. Dixon and her sister—Kate Arrowsmith being squeezed in between them in the pony chaise. I immediately went in search of my father, and found him on the sofa by the dining-room fire, playing with his little four-year old boy. Charlotte was in the adjoining bedroom, dusting, but I did not care for that. I stood before him, my cheeks flushing.

"Papa! I have gathered a hint that I am not to go to the entertainment at the Hall."

"Indeed I don't know, Jane. Why are you not?"

"I have come to ask you why. Mrs. Dixon says I am not."

"Well, if she says it, I suppose you cannot go."

"Sir," I said, my heart rising, "do you remember that day, years ago, when you and I sat together on that very sofa, weeping, when you had come in from laying my poor mother in the ground? You said, then, that we would be all in all to each other. How has that promise been carried out?"

Why, what's the matter with you, Jane?" he exclaimed looking startled.

"I could have borne much from you, papa; I have borne much; but to be ill-used, despised, treated as of no account, taunted by her whom you have put over me in mamma's place——"

I was choking with sobs, and could not continue.

"Jane! Jane! whatever is it? Speak out!"

"I will not speak of the past—now—but of this fresh indignity sought to be put upon me. It is an indignity, sir, and you ought to see it as such, when offered to your daughter. Everyone goes to this entertainment but myself. Look around, papa, and see if there is one young lady being left out. Mrs. Dixon and her sister have actually brought their neice here, miles across the country, to be present at it; but I, your daughter, am to be excluded."

"Jane, I think you ought to go," he replied, after a minute's uncomfortable thought. "I see no reason against it." You shall go. I suppose the children can be left by us all for one evening."

"And if they couldn't, sir," interposed Charlotte, who came from the bedroom at the moment, "would not be Miss Jane's place to stop with them. What are wages good for, if we can't take care of three little children?"

She passed through the room as she spoke, and my father turned to me.

"Dry your tears, Jane. I tell you, you shall go."

"It is not to go that I am weeping," I almost indignantly cried. "You said—that day—when I wished I had died with mamma, that time would come to me with healings on its wings. Papa, there is no healing to my checkered life; I still wish I had died with her. It would have been happier for me."

"Pray, Jane, do not talk in this uncomfortable strain. If things are so very miserable for you, they must be altered. I will see to it. Do you want anything else now?"

"I have no dress to go in to the Hall. Hea shall I get one?"

"Dress! You must ask Mrs. Dixon about that."

"No, sir. To ask her would not give me one. I should be put off with orders to wear an old one, be it ever so unfit. This very day they are taking Kate to try on the one being made for her. Many a child is treated with more respect and consideration than I am, papa. I will not ask Mrs. Dixon."

"Dear me, Jane!" he somewhat peevishly uttered. "I don't understand these things. Dress! Well—order yourself one. Will that do?"

"Thank you, sir."

"And let the bill come in to me. Quietly, you know."

"Yes, thank you, papa."

Charlotte was lingering on the stairs when I went down.

"Miss Jane, are you to go?"

"Yes."

"Oh, well, that's all right. I was determined them children shouldn't stand in your light, if I could put in a word against it. Mrs. Dixon and the others are very not everlasting drumming round master with their ill-natured counsels, things would come straight between you and him. If you and he can't have it out by their exertions later, I would prefer, in the matter of partners, to exercise my own choice. Kate, my dear, we are cousins, and it will be quite right for you to dance with me frequently, smarting under my neglect, would say that Lionel Rupert gave speedy evidence of not having been reared to fill the place of Sir Arthur's."

And thus, in the easy light-hearted, but very pleasant way that he used to out down people in the former days, did he put down Mrs. Dixon now. That lady looked beside herself conducted by him to a seat of honor and left in it. Kate Arrowsmith by her side.

And I sat on, on in my obscure corner. Oh, it was hard, very hard, to pay their exertions later. I would prefer, in the matter of partners, to exercise my own choice. Kate, my dear, we are cousins, and it will be quite right for you to dance with me frequently, smarting under my neglect, would say that Lionel Rupert gave speedy evidence of not having been reared to fill the place of Sir Arthur's."

And thus, in the easy light-hearted, but very pleasant way that he used to out down people in the former days, did he put down Mrs. Dixon now. That lady looked beside herself conducted by him to a seat of honor and left in it. Kate Arrowsmith by her side.

And I sat on, on in my obscure corner. Oh, it was hard, very hard, to pay their exertions later. Sir Lionel constantly, now talking to the heads of the grand families, now walking or dancing with their daughters. No hope was left in my heart; I have said it; but to find that Lionel never once cared to approach me with a civil word of greeting, was a pointed neglect I was not prepared for. My eyes, in spite of myself, kept filling with tears, and the bitterness at my heart I heard that Sir Lionel had arrived. Our house was in a bustle; all of the ladies beginning to dress long before there was any need of it. Charlotte snatched a moment from her attendance in Mrs. Dixon's room, where Kate was dressed, to assist me. I had chosen white crape, for we were in mourning for the relation of my father's. There was nothing fine about it or me; but when it was on, and Charlotte turned me round to look at her, she declared I should look the most lady like girl in the room. As to the few ornaments I wore, they were only jet. My own dear mamma's pearls, which ought to have been mine, were on somebody else that night, setting off her heavy black satin.

I did not go down till the last moment. They were all upon their round the dining-room fire, waiting for the carriage. Kate's face looked lovely, but not her dress: there was too much of it—satin, lace, gauze, ribbons, all in fine confusion for one. Miss Betsy were a crimson velvet, which had been in the family twenty years. They stared at me in astonishment.

"What, papa, means this?" broke forth Mrs. Dixon. "What are you dressed for?"

"Jane appealed to me, and I said she was to go," hastily observed my father, with some intention to have done the matter promptly used. "For her to be the only young lady omitted in this very general entertainment, would have reflected an unnecessary slight upon our family."

"Oh, I am glad Jane's going," exclaimed Kate, in her good-natured way. But the others looked as black as thunder.

"Jane, you must go home again," Mrs. Dixon, with emphasis, not attempting to suppress her passion; "the carriage will not hold five. It is impossible that our dresses can be crushed."

"I will go on the box," said my father.

"Indeed, you will not," she answered. "I don't want to have to nurse you all the winter."

"You need not fear having me to nurse through my setting outside," he rejoined. "There is an extraordinary change in the weather, and to-night it is positively warm."

My father was right about the weather. The cold which had prevailed for some days past, so intense as rarely to have been equalled in England, left us that Christmas eve. It was, then, as he said, warm.

"I don't care whether it's warm or cold," returned Mrs. Dixon, in answer to him, "you are not outside. Don't you see the embarrassment your obstinacy is causing?" she sharply asked, turning to me.

"The carriage can take us twice," said my father.

"Yes! And have double fare to pay! What next?"

"Louisa," he resumed, "Jane will go to this party—for the reason I have mentioned. And she has my promise. If the carriage cannot take us all at once, it must take two courses. Now, I have said it."

For the carriage, as you will understand, was hired for the night. When the children came on, and expenses increased with the advent of the second Mrs. Dixon, our close carriage was laid down.

Mrs. Dixon's eyes caught my dress. "Where did you get that from?" she asked. "It is new."

"Yes. I ordered it at Mrs. Hill's," was my reply.

"What did it cost? Is it paid for?"

"I have not had the bill."

"Did you countenance this extravagance?" she inquired, turning to my father with a crimson face.

Jane told me she had no dress fit to appear in. I don't suppose she had, as she rarely goes out. What a time they are with this carriage!" he hastily added, escaping to the hall door to look for it.

"Jane, how will you look?" exclaimed Kate. "Better than I. Aunt, I do wish I had fixed you that white. But I had my wish—should be no other than Jane Dixon: I say so still. You agreed with me then, Jane: will you dissent now?"

"But—may we go in here?" I interrupted, in my agitation, for Lionel had opened the door of a small room, which had a blazing fire but no lights, evidently one not meant for company.

"May we! My dear, you forget that I am in my own house. This is to be my smoking sanctum. I hope you will allow smoking, Jane."

I could bear up no longer. I leaned my head on the table and wept happier tears than it had ever been my lot to shed. Lionel raised it, and looked down on me. There was a better resting-place than the table, and there they gradually ceased to flow.

"But your position is so changed now," I sobbed. "They will say I am not good enough for Sir Lionel Rupert."

"I dare say they will—behind my back," laughed Lionel. "Especially Miss Betsy and your papa revered Mr. Wall. I hear he dare not say it to my face, Jane. They dare not dictate to me now; that's one comfort. I am the head of the clan."

"But, Lionel——"

"What, Jane?"

I could not say. And Lionel took from my lips the kiss he had left upon them that far-ago day, and led me back to the room.

"I am pitiably dull here, a wretched single man," suddenly said Lionel to my father, as we were leaving—all five in the coach. "I will say I am not good enough to join your Christmas dinner to-morrow."

"With the greatest pleasure, Sir Lionel," my father promptly answered, suppressing his surprise. "You must take us as you find us."

"And next Christmas day—all of us being alive and well—you will come to me here," added Lionel. "I engage you beforehand."

Mrs. Dixon and Miss Betsy were full of exultation. They set down Lionel's self-invitation to dinner as the result of the young lady that her visions of the future might be dyed in rose-color. They ordered additions to the dinner; they ordered half-a-dozen of wine for her benefit; and when she came down in her showy attire she quite cast into the shade me and my black silk, which had but a little white lace on it, and my hair in bands.

Sir Lionel came only at the hour when we were waiting to go in to dinner. He gave his arm to Mrs. Dixon, and was then placing himself by Miss Betsy, when I required him to take the seat between herself and Kate. Lionel did so, and looked at me across the table with a sad-smile. He was just the same Lionel as ever, free and merry.

"What, you here still, Charlotte!" he exclaimed. "I should have thought you were married long ago."

"It seems, sir, we are none of us in a hurry for that," answered Charlotte. "You are not married yourself, sir."

"No, Jane," said Sir Lionel.

At dessert, to my great shock, for I was prepared for nothing of the sort, he told them I had promised to be his wife. I thought Mrs. Dixon would have fainted on the spot. Miss Betsy sat paralyzed and speechless.

"Your wife! *Jane!*" stammered Mrs. Dixon.

"If her father will give her to me."

There was a pause; and then Mrs. Dixon spoke up, resentfully. But for the commotion she was in and the angry passion, I don't think even she would have said what she did. "It is well, Sir Lionel, that you should know Miss Dixon's circumstances have changed. She will now inherit but a small fortune. Our son—and daughters—have obliged Mr. Dixon to alter his will."

"I do not seek to marry Jane's money, I seek her for herself," replied Sir Lionel. "I would ask you, sir, to alter the will again, if I may so far presume," he added to my father, "and to leave Jane's name entirely out of it. As Lady Rupert, what you could give her would not be felt. The Rupert revenues are large, and I shall have the honor of proposing to you a good settlement."

My father grasped Sir Lionel's hand.

Mrs. Dixon spoke up again, her throat swelling hysterically. "In a curiously sudden attachment, Sir Lionel! Too sudden, I fear, to last."

"Not at all sudden," answered Lionel. "I told Jane before I went away, that I had only one hope and aim in going—that of making my purse sufficiently weighty to justify my asking her to share it."

They sat, she and her sister, full of mortification; but Kate Arrowsmith stole round the table to whisper in my ear.

"Jane, let me stay and be your bridesmaid. I am very glad. I knew, when my aunts puffed me up about winning Sir Lionel, that it was all double-distilled nonsense, and it went in at one ear and out at the other. Indeed, I am truly glad."

"Jane," was Sir Lionel's parting whisper to me that night, "I see it all. I shall take you out of this place as soon as may be. Keep your courage up a short while longer, my darling."

He did take me—in what Mrs. Dixon protested was "indecent" haste. "And if you don't mind, Jane Dixon, the parish will cry shame upon you!"

"I should like to hear it," said Lionel, in his laughing way. "I will take care of Jane and the parish too, Mrs. Dixon."

He did. And Lionel Charlotte have come to live at the Hall, for Lionel is now my dear husband. As he and I were sitting by the fire the other night, talking over the events of the evening when our people had been with us, Lionel suddenly declared we had been carrying out a command of Scripture.

"In what way, Lionel?"

"In regard to those two charming enemies of yours, Jane: Mrs. Dixon and Miss Betsy. We have been giving them food and drink, and heaping coals of fire on their heads."

"Lionel!"

"I am sure it was nothing less than coals of fire, Jane, to see you sit at the head of my table—Lady Rupert."

EVE WILTON.

She had promised him that she would mend the lining of his new overcoat if he would bear another night's absence from home. And so, as he had left it she took it from the hall-rack and carried it into her sewing-room.

She was Mrs. Wilton, and she had been married five years, and never—never during that time had had one unhappy moment. Mr. Wilton had been very attentive, very kind, and very generous, and never made her jealous. She often said she was the happiest woman living.

Now, as she looked at the lining and compared the silk with which she was about to replace the torn portion, she was thinking these thoughts.

They had never had any children, but when people are old and ill to need a warm overcoat home from the office last night by mistake, and he is anxious about it. He asked me if there was anyone in the house who would be found to provide with papers or anything in the pockets. I said no, decidedly no—I hadn't a jealous wife—eh? What's the matter, Eve?"

"Oh, Tom!" she cried, hysterically.

"Oh, say it again! Not your coat! Oh, Tom, kiss me."

"Why, what is the matter, Eve?" cried Tom. "You must be ill."

Then Eve remembered all.

"Oh, I am a wicked woman, Tom!" she cried. "There were letters in the pocket—love letters. I read them. I read them. They were false to me. I took poison, Tom. I'm going to die, and I long to live so. Oh, Tom, save me!"

"Yes, yes!" cried Tom. "Oh, good heavens! what poison?"

"Mr. Hoffman will know. I bought it of him. Perhaps he can save me!" cried Eve.

And away went Tom, as white as death, to the chemists.

He burst into the shop like a whirlwind. "The lady," he panted, "the lady who bought poison here an hour ago! She took it by mistake! Can you save her? Have you an antidote? She is dying!"

"No, no!" said the old German. "Be calm—be at rest. No, no! she cannot die of dat. When a lady ask me for poison dat will not turn a rat black in de face, I say to myself so: 'I smells something,' and I gives her in de paper shust a little sugar and somethings. She could take a pound. Go home and tell her so. I never sells poisons to women. I only said do not wish de rat to turn black in de face. So, be calm."

So Tom flew home again, and Eve rejoiced; and neither of them noticed a single man, who admitted himself to be engaged, she did not rip the patch off his coat as she had at first intended.

Most precepts of parents and teachers are lost sight of at the very time when it is important to be remembered. The child, "shut the door," is invisible when the door is open widest and thrown back against the wall.

WHY ADVERTISE?

People sometimes ask why does Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., spend so much money in advertising his Golden Medical Discovery, which are so well known and surpass all other remedies in purity and sale. It is well know that A. T. Stewart considered it good policy, and undoubtedly it paid him, to spend large sums in printed dollars. In advertising his goods, yet nobody questioned the excellence of his merchandise. The grand secret of success lies in offering only goods which possess real merit. Dr. Pierce's goods and then through liberal and persistent advertising making the people thoroughly acquainted with their good qualities. And he does not succeed in amassing great fortunes, establishing thriving and permanent business, and founding substantial institutions like Dr. Pierce's Grand Invalid's Hotel and Surgical Institute, which costs over two hundred thousand dollars, unless their business be legitimate, their goods meritorious, and as surprising cures as they render the people genuine and valuable. Dr. Pierce does not intend in humbug you by telling you that his Golden Medical Discovery will cure all diseases. He says, "if your lungs are half sound" by consumption, my Discovery will not cure you, yet as a remedy for severe coughs, and all curable affections of throat, and lung affections, I believe it to be unsurpassed as a remedy." The people have confidence in his medicines because he does not over-recommend them, and when tried they give satisfaction. His Medical Adviser, a book of over nine hundred pages, illustrated by two hundred and eighty-three engravings and bound in cloth and gilt, is offered to the people at so moderate a price (*$1.50 postpaid*) that it is no wonder that almost one hundred thousand have already been sold. His mechanical books are on every druggist's counter for free distribution.

TROUBLE UNDER THE EAVES.

We are only two poor little sparrows
In very great trouble, you see;
We were happy but yesterday morning
As merry as sparrows could be.

Our nest, woven deftly and strongly,
Of straw and feathers and leaf,
Held three tiny eggs; its hollow—
Oh! how can I tell of our grief?

The nest? It is lying upon the ground,
All shapeless beneath the fir tree,
The eggs? They are scattered and broken,
Our wonderful, beautiful love!

Such a snug little home 'neath the rafters,
So safe from the sun and the rain,
And now—we are homeless and childless,
And sick with the fright and the pain.

Since a horrible painter came prying,
Who spoke of our dear nest as "trash,"
Then lowered the cage which upheld it,
And toppled it down with a crash.

Does nobody care for our trouble,
Bereft of our home and the three?
Hark! Up from the open church window
An echo comes softly to me.

"Not a sparrow falls lacking His knowledge."
Oh, faithful comfort for woe!
If He has a care for our sorrow,
Why, then, shall we question or fear?

A WONDERFUL HEAD.

On a shelf in the old Arsenal museum, in the Central Park, in the midst of stuffed humming birds, ermines, silver foxes, and bright colored parokets, there is a ghastly row of human heads. I pass by the mummied Peruvian, the Maori Chief, and the Flathead Indian to speak of a Caucasian head which has had a fascinating interest to me ever since it was added to the grim collection a little more than a year ago.

I was struck with the Head when I first saw it. The pensive intelligence of the features won me. The face is remarkable, although the nose is gone, and the nasal fosse are somewhat the worse for wear. The eyes are likewise wanting, but the empty orbits have an expression of their own. The parchmenty skin is so shriveled that the teeth show to their roots in the jaws. The mouth has been much affected by the ravages of decay, but what mouth there is displays character. It seems to say; "Barring certain deficencies in my anatomy, you behold a man of parts!" The features of the Head are of the Teutonic cast, and the skull is the skull of a philosopher. What particularly attracted my attention, however, was the vague resemblance which this dilapidated countenance bore to some face which had at some time been familiar to me—some face which I could not place.

After all, I was not greatly surprised, when I had known the Head for nearly a year, to see it acknowledge our acquaintance and express its appreciation of friendly interest on my part by deliberately winking as I stood before its glass case.

This was on a trustees' day, and I was the only visitor in the hall. The faithful attendant had gone to enjoy a can of beer with his friend, the superintendent of the monkeys.

The head winked a second time, and even more cordially than before. I gazed upon its efforts with the critical delight of an anatomist. I saw the muscster muscle flex between the temporal skin. I saw the play of the buccinators, and the beautiful lateral movement of the internal pterygoid. I knew that the Head was trying to speak to me. I noted the convulsive twitchings of the risorius and the zygomatic major, and knew that it was endeavoring to smile.

"Hero," I thought, "is either a case of vitality long after decapitation, or an instance of reflex action where there is no diastaltic or exeitormotory system. In either case the phenomenon is unprecedented, and should be carefully observed. Besides, the Head is evidently well disposed toward me." I found a key on my bunch which opened the glass case.

"Thanks," said the Head. "A breath of fresh air is grateful."

"How do you feel?" I asked politely. "How does it seem without a body?"

The Head shook itself sadly and sighed. "I would give," it said, speaking through its ruined nose and its glistening teeth and using those tones sparingly, "I would give both ears for a single leg. My ambition is principally ambulatory, and yet I cannot walk. I cannot even hop or waddle. I would fain travel, roam, promenade, circulate in the busy paths of men, but I am chained to this accursed shelf. I am no better off than those Seven Sleepers heads—I, a man of science! I am compelled to sit here on my neck and see sandpipers and storks all around me, with legs and to spare. I am like the infernal little Oedipeminus Longipes over there. Look at that miserable Gray-headed Porphyrio. They have no brains, no ambition, no yearnings, yet they have all the legs in profusion. He cast an envious glance across the alcove at the tantalizing limbs of the birds in question, and added gloomily, "There isn't even enough of me to make a hero for one of Wilkie Collins' novels."

I did not exactly know how to console him in so delicate a matter, but ventured to hint that perhaps his condition had its compensation in immunity from corns and the gout.

"And as to arms," he went on, "there's another misfortune for you! I am unable to brush away the flies that get in here—Lord knows how—in the summer time. I cannot scratch over and cuff that confounded Chinook mummy that sits there grinning at me like a jack-in-the-box. I cannot scratch my head or even blow my nose (his nose's decently in order). I get cold in this thundering draught. As to eating and drinking, I don't care. My soul is wrapt up in Science. Science is my bride, my mistress, my divinity. I worship her feet step in the past, and hail the prophecy of her future progress. I——"

I had heard these sentiments before. In a flash I had accounted for the familiar look which had haunted me every since I first saw the Head. "Pardon me," I said, "you are the celebrated Professor Dummkopf?"

"That is, or was, my name," he replied, with dignity.

"And you formerly lived in Boston, where you carried on scientific experiments of startling originality. It was you who first discovered how to photograph smell, how to bottle music, how to freeze the aurora borealis. It was you who first applied the spectrum analysis to Mind."

"These were some of my minor achievements," said the Head, sadly nodding itself—small when compared with my final invention, the grand discovery which was at the same time my greatest triumph and my ruin. I lost my body in an experiment.

"How was that?" I asked. "I had not heard."

"No," said the Head. "Living alone and friendless, my disappearance was hardly noticed. I will tell you——"

There was a step upon the stairway. "Hush!" cried the Head. "Here comes somebody. We must not be discovered. You must dissemble."

I hastily closed the door of the glass case, locked it just in time to evade the vigilance of the returning keeper, and dissembled by pretending to examine, with great interest, the Anas Acuta, or Pin-tailed Duck.

On the next trustees' day I revisited the museum and gave the keeper of the Head a dollar on the pretense of purchasing information in regard to the curiosities in his charge. He made the circuit of the hall with me, talking lubbily all the while.

"That there," he said, as we stood before the Head, "is a relict of morality presented to the Museeum fifteen months ago. The head of a murderer, murderer giffen-ized at Paris in the last century, sir."

I fancied that I saw a slight twitching about the corners of Professor Dummkopf's mouth, and an almost imperceptible depression of what was once his left eyelid, but he kept his face remarkably well under the circumstances. I dismissed my guide with many thanks for his affable services, and as I had anticipated, he departed forthwith to invest his easily earned dollar in beer, leaving me to pursue my conversation with the Head.

"Think of putting a wooden-headed idiot like that," said the Professor, after I had opened his glass prison, "in charge of a portion, however small, of a man of science of the Telepomp! Paris! Murderer! Last century indeed!" and the Head shook with laughter until I feared that it would tumble off the shelf.

"You spoke of your invention, the Telepomp," I suggested.

"Ah, yes," said the Head, simultaneously recovering its gravity and its center of its gravity; "I promised to tell you how I happen to be a Man without a Body. You see that some three or four years ago, I discovered the principle of the transmission of sound by electricity. My Telephone as I called it, would have been an invention of great practical utility if I had been spared to introduce it to the public. But, alas!—"

"Excuse the interruption," I said, "but I must inform you that somebody else has recently accomplished the same thing. The Telephone is a fixed fact."

"Have they gone any further?" he eagerly asked. "Have they discovered the great secret of the transmission of atoms? In other words, have they accomplished the Telepomp?"

"I have heard of nothing of the kind," I hastened to assure him. "but what do you mean?"

"Listen," he said. "in the course of my experiments with the Telephone I became convinced that the same principle was capable of indefinite expansion. Matter is made up of molecules, and molecules, in their turn, are made up of atoms. The atom, you know, is the unit of being. The molecules differ according to the number and the arrangement of their constituent atoms. Chemical changes are effected by the dissolution of the atoms in their molecules and their intermingling into molecules of another kind. The dissolution may be accomplished by chemical affinity or by a sufficiently strong electric current. Do you follow me?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, then, following out this line of thought I conceived the grand idea. There was no reason why matter could not be telegraphed, or, to be entomologically accurate, 'telepomped.' It was only necessary to effect at one end of the line the disintegration of the molecules of atoms, and to convey the vibrations of the chemical dissolution by electricity to the other pole, where a corresponding reconstruction could be effected from other atoms. As all atoms are alike, their arrangement into molecules of the same order and the arrangement of those molecules into an organization similar to the original organization, would be practically a reproduction of the original. It would a materialization—not in the sense of the Spiritualists' cant, but in the real truth and reality of stern science. Do you still follow me?"

"It is a little misty," I said, "but I think I get the point. You would telegraph the Idea of the matter, to use the word idea in Plato's sense."

"Precisely. A candle flame is the same candle flame although the burning gas is continually changing. The form of the surface of water is the same wave, although the water composing it is shifting as it moves. A man is the same man although there is not an atom in his body which is there five years before. It is the Form, the Shape, the Idea, that is essential. The vibrations that give individuality to matter may be transmitted to a distance by wire just as readily as the vibrations which give individuality to sound. So I constructed an instrument which I called a disintegrator, or to speak, at the anode and build it up again on the same plan at the cathode. This was my Telepomp."

"But in practice—how did the Telepomp work?"

"To perfection! In my rooms in Joy street, in Boston, I had about five miles of wire. I had no difficulty in sending simple compounds, such as quartz, starch, and water, from one room to another over this five-mile coil. I shall never forget the joy with which I disintegrated a three-cent postage stamp in one room and found it immediately reproduced at the receiving instrument in another. This success with inorganic matter emboldened me to attempt the same thing with a living organism. I caught a cat—a black and yellow cat—and submitted him to a terrible current from my two-hundred-cup battery. The cat disappeared in a single flash. I hastened with the next room and, to my immense satisfaction, found Thomas there, alive and purring, although somewhat astonished. It worked like a charm."

"This is certainly very remarkable."

"Isn't it? After my experiment with the cat, a gigantic idea took possession of me. If I could send a feline being, why not call a human being? If I could transmit a cat five miles by wire in a flash of electricity, why not transmit a man to London by Atlantic cable and with equal dispatch? I resolved to strengthen my already powerful battery and try the experiment. Like a thorough votary of science, I resolved to try the experiment on myself."

"I do not like to dwell upon this chapter of my experience," continued the Head, winking at a tear which had trickled down on to his cheek and which I silently wiped away for him with my own pocket handkerchief. "Suffice it that I trebled the cups to my battery, drenched my wires with quarts of sugar-water, and, following out my theories to the letter, made everything ready, and with a solemn calmness born of my confidence in the theory, placed myself in the receiving instrument of the Telepomp at my Joy street office. I was as sure that when I made the connection with the battery I would find myself in my rooms in Phillips street as I am sure that I am sitting here. Then I touched the key that let on the electricity. Alas!"

For some moments my friend was unable to speak. At last, with an effort, he resumed his narrative.

"I began to disintegrate at my feet and slowly disappeared under my own eyes. My legs melted away, and then my trunk and my arms. That something was wrong, I knew from the exceeding slowness of my dissolution, but I was helpless. Then my head went and I lost my consciousness. According to my theory, my head, having been the last to disappear, should have been the first to materialize at the other end of the wire. The theory was confirmed in fact. I recovered consciousness. I opened my eyes in my Phillips street apartments. My chin was materialized, and with great satisfaction I saw my neck slowly taking shape. Suddenly, and at about the third cervical vertebra, the process stopped. In a flash I knew the reason. I had forgotten to replenish the cups of my battery with fresh sulphuric acid, and there was not electricity enough to materialize the rest of me. I was a Head, but my body was, Lord knows where!"

I did not attempt to offer consolation. Words would have been mockery in the presence of Prof. Dummkopf's grief.

"What matters the loss of the rest?" he sadly continued. "The house in Phillips street was full of medical students. I suppose that some of them found my Head, and carried the anatomical prize of the Telepomp, appropriated it for purposes of anatomical study. I suppose that they attempted to preserve it by means of some a-nevical process which I neglected to work out. I done is shown by my defective nose. I suppose that I drifted from medical student to medical student, and from anatomical cabinet to anatomical cabinet, until would-be humorist presented me to this collection as a French murderer of the last century. For some months I knew nothing, and when I recovered consciousness I found myself here."

"Such," added the Head, with a dry, harsh laugh, "is the irony of Fate!"

"Is there nothing I can do for you?" I asked, after a pause.

"Thank you," the Head replied; "I am tolerably cheerful and resigned. I have lost every hope of the perfection of the transmission of Science. I sit here day after day and watch the objects of zoological, lethyological, ethnological, and conchological interest with which fate surrounds me. Of course, I don't know of anything you can do for me."

"Stay," he added, as his gaze fell once more upon the exasperating legs of the Phelecanidæ or Longipes, "stay! Now that there is anything I do feel the need of, it is out-door exercise. Couldn't you manage in some way to take me out for a walk?"

I confess that I was somewhat staggered by this request, but promised to do what I could. After some deliberation, I formed a plan, which was carried out in the following manner:

I returned to the Museum that afternoon just before the closing hour and hid myself behind the mammoth sea cow, or Manatus Americanus, that is the museum. Matter of fact glance through the hall, locked up the building and departed. Then I came boldly forth and removed my friend from his shelf. With a piece of stout twine I lashed his one or two vertebræ to the headless vertebræ of a skeleton Moa. This gigantic and extinct bird of New Zealand is heavy legged, full breasted, tall as a man, and has long, sprawling feet. My friend, thus provided with legs and arms, manifested extraordinary glee. He walked about, stamped his big feet, swung his arms, and occasionally broke forth into an hilarious shuffle. I was obliged to remind him that he must support the dignity of the venerable bird whose skeleton he had borrowed. I deposited the African lion of his glass eyes, and inserted them in the empty orbits of the Head. I gave Professor Dummkopf a Fiji war lance for a walking-stick, covered him with a Sioux blanket, and then we issued forth from the old Arsenal into the fresh night air and the moonlight, and wandered arm in arm along the shores of the quiet lake and through the shady paths of the Ramble.—*New York Sun.*

A CANADIAN PEDLAR'S ADVENTURE.

In all my travels, over thousands of miles of country, I was never really terrified but once and then I confess I had a fright which I did not recover from for weeks, and which I still never recall without a secret shudder. My life might be said to have hung on a bare thread; and nothing but heaven's kind providence, interposed in a most miraculous manner, saved me from the awful doom.

In the regular pursuit of my vocation, I was traveling through Western Canada, when, towards evening of one hot, sultry, summer day, I found myself passing through a small stretch of wood-land, along which what might much better have been denominated a horse-path than a road. I had taken a rather obscure by-way, in the hopes, if I could find customers, to find those who would pay well; but I had made a serious mistake, in that I had discovered none at all. In a walk of eight tedious miles, I had seen only three small dwellings, and those miserable shanties, one of which was unoccupied, and the other two with ragged families who had no money for trade. At the last house, I inquired the distance I had to walk, and I was informed that four miles further on I would come to a main road, where there was an inn for travelers; and towards this I was now making my way, with the intention of putting up there for the night.

I came in sight of the road and the inn just as the sun was setting behind a drift of cloud that seemed hideously portentous of a storm. Tired and hungry as I was, with night setting in upon me in such a lonely country, I was very glad to come in sight of a place of rest, and went forward in comparatively good spirits.

The inn was a brown stone building, two stories in height, and quite respectable looking for that region of country. As I came up to it, however, I fancied it had a certain air of gloom, which had a rather depressing effect upon my spirits; but then I thought, might not this be caused by the absence of sparkling lights, and bustle, and stir at the hour of twilight. No one met me at the door; but, as I perceived a human being in or about it till I had entered the unlighted bar-room, where a man, who was sitting in a corner, rose and came forward, with a stiff kind of salutation.

"Are you the landlord?" I inquired.

"I am," was the answer.

"I suppose I can put up with you for the night?" I said.

"Certainly," he answered, glancing at my trunks. "Shall I take care of them for you?"

"I will merely set them behind your bar till I enter for the night," I replied, as I raised, which in another moment would disclose to the human monster the fact that my dead body was not under it. What then? Merciful heaven! it must be a struggle of life and death between him and me; and I was already nerving myself for the dreadful encounter, when I experienced a kind of transitory sensation of a crash and a shock.

The next thing I remember, was finding myself exposed to the fury of the tempest—the wind howling and roaring around me, the rain beating upon me, the lightning flashing, and the thunder roaring. I was still in my raised, but it was all open on one side of me, and it took my wandered senses some time to comprehend the awful fate of heaven's peculiar providence.

The lightning had struck the portion of building I was in, and had thus given me life and freedom.

As soon as I fairly comprehended this I leapt to the ground outside, escaping injury, and ran for my life. I took the main road and ran on through the storm, as if pursued by a thousand fiends, as I sometimes fancied I was. I ran thus until daylight, when I met a stage coach full of passengers behind the driver, and told him my wonderful story. He thought me mad, but persuaded me to mount his box and go back with him. On arriving at the inn, he found a confirmation of my fearful tale.

The house had not only been struck, but, strange to relate, both the landlord and his wife had been killed by the bolt of heaven, and were found dead among the ruins.

I subsequently had to appear before the magistrate, acting as coroner, and depose to the facts, and the jury returned a verdict in accordance therewith.

I got away from that fearful region as soon as I could; but to this day I have never fully recovered from the effects of that night of horror at the inn.

ANIMILE STATISTIX.

(COMPILED BY JOSH BILLINGS.)

Kats are affectionate, they luv young chickens, sweet kream, and the best place in front of the fireplace.

Dogs are faithful, they will stick to a bone after everybody else has deserted it.

Parrots are easily shocked, but they will learn to swear well in half the time they will learn enything else.

The birds eat bugs and worms for plain vittles, but they prefer huckleberries on the best cherrys and gooseberries in the garden.

The owl is only a picture ov wisdom by dalite, when he can't see enything. When it comes to real wisdom wholly konsists in ketching a field mouse if he kan.

The donkey is an emblem of pachunce, but if you study them kreaser, you will find that laziness is what's the matter us them.

The eagle is the monark of the skies, but the little king-bird will chase him to his hiding place.

The ox knoweth his master's krib, and that is all he dus kno, or care about his master.

Monkeys are immitatiff, but if they kan't immitate some devilitry they ain't happy.

The goose is like other phools—all wuss seems anxious to prove it.

Flies are ever ready to work it is simply because they are ashamed of themselfs, but mules are hibrid, ain't akountable for enything.

Bees are a bizzy people; rather than be idle they will rob each other or their bunny.

The kockroach is a loafer, and don't seem to live so much on what they eat as what they kan git into.

Ducks are only cunning about one thing; they lay ther eggs in sitch sly places that sumtimes they kan't find them again themselfs.

The muskrat kan foresee a hard winter and provide for it, but he kan't keep from gettin ketched in the ayliest kind ov a trap.

Hens kno when it is agoing to rain, and shelter themselfs, but they will try to hatch out a lizzard egg just as honest as they will one ov their own.

Mudturkles are the slowest ov enny four-legged kritters, and yet they are alwuss on the move, trieing to git somewhere else.

Hornets hav more fight in them than enny thing or their size, but there is no method in their madness; they will pitch into a meeting-house when they are furious, just as anxious as they will into a sleeping baby in its kradle.

The kro is the most natral ov all thiefs; they will steal, and hide, what is of no use to them, nor loss to enybody else.

Ants are the bizziest ov all the little, or big bugs, but a large share ov their time is spent in regulateing the affairs ov those who are bilt whare folks can't help but step on them.

Flies toil not, neither do they spin, yet they hav the first taste ov all the best gravys in the land.

The cuckoo is the gratest ekonomist among the birds; she lays her eggs in other birds' nests, and lets them hatch them out at their leizure.

Rats have fewer friends and more enemys than enything of the four-legged perswasion on the face ov the yearth, and yet rats are as plenty now az in the palmyest days ov the Roman Empire.

Ov all things fazy the sloth wears the belt, and yet he kneweth it all thare is in it.

The frog dodgeth when it lightens, and the toad gaze when the thunder bellows.

The fox bilds his hous like unto the swallow or mud, the squirrells ov leaves, the wrenn ov feathers and wool, and the woodpecker digs a hole for his eggs in the rotten trees.

The sarpent and the krab change their ir clothing each year, and the rackoon lives all winter long on the memory or what he et in the autumn.

The horse allus gits up from the ground on his fore legs first, the kow on her hind ones, and the dog turns around 3 times before he lies down.

The kangeroo he jumps when he walks, the coon paces when he trots, and the lobster travels backward as fast az he kan forwards.

The elephant has the least, and the rabbit the most eye for their size, and a rat's tale is just the length ov his bodily.

The spider is the only kritter that ketches its food in a trap, and a sheep will live without water longer than enny domes tic animal.

The fox is the hardest to ketch in a trap, and a muskrat the earyest, and the meddo lark is the shyest ov all the birds on the air.

The kr- flies 6 miles, and the wild pidgeon 60, an hour, but the humming birds bea's all things on the wing.

The horse will eat 30 ounces out of every $2; the ox lays down and chews his kud half the time; and the dog never knows what it is not to be hungry.

The wild turkey kan run faster than he kan fly, and enny man who is a good walker kan tire a deer out in 24 hours.

I kant think, in konklusion, or enny other time, just now, ov enny more animals that mankind excel in, but kan be found, more or less developed, in the bugs, beasts, birds, and fishes.

DON'T BOX YOUR CHILDREN'S EARS

The drum of the ear is as thin as paper, and is stretched like a curtain between the air outside and the brain, and there is nothing to support it, and being extremely delicate, a slap with the hand on the side of the face, made with the force which sudden and violent anger gives it, has in multitudes of cases ruptured this delicate membrane, resulting in the affliction of deafness for life. As the right hand is almost always used, it is the left ear which is stricken, this aids in accounting for the fact that the left ear is more frequently affected with deafness than the right.

A COQUETTE is a rose from which every lover plucks a leaf—the thorns are reserved for her future husband.

A RUSSIAN ROMANCE

There is nothing talked of down there at Kichenoff but a most romantic incident. Two years ago, at a masked ball in St. Petersburg, a black domino accosted Prince D. an officer of the Azamidaski regiment of Cossacks, in these terms: "I love you, Prince; will you love me?" "Why not? But, first, I should like to see what that somber domino covers." "Not so fast; consent, at first to answer my question." "What! love you without knowing whether you are pretty or ugly, young or old?" "Yes!"

Prince D., between two peals of laughter, replied: "Well, yes, I will love you." He sought to unmask the unknown, but she receded saying: "Now less than ever; I retire, and in two years you will see me." "Two years?" "Yes, in two years, I will be your wife." "My wife in two years?" "Certainly." "Am I affianced, then?" The unknown answered: "To a woman who loves you, rich, beautiful, and sixteen years of age." She wrote to him regularly. He was with the army at Kichenoff, and there made the acquaintance of Princess K., who tried to prevail upon him to marry her. He related the affair at St. Petersburg, remarked that he had remained true to the unknown. On the 12th of February he received a note from the unknown to meet her at Kichenoff, and to his surprise found that it was the Princess K. Of course they were married.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

Mr. Robert Heller, the conjurer, has lately been exhibiting a clerk of his own invention, the mystery of which no one, we believe, has yet fathomed. It is a clear disk of glass, marked with the usual numbers. The hands have no hub or other enlargement at the center, where it might be imagined mechanism could be concealed, and appear to be simply pivoted to the face. A ring like that of a watch suffices for the support of the clock from two cords suspended from the ceiling. At the command of its owner, the clock marks any hour, moves backward and forward, and obeys the behaves the astonishing manner. The use of the cord naturally suggests concealed wires and electricity, which is probably the secret of the movement. But this theory is somewhat damaged when the magician removes the clock from its cords, and, holding ff with two finger at arm's length, carries it in the midst of his audience and causes it to continue its performances under the very eyes of the people, allowing the closest inspection.

PROF. LOUIS AGASSIZ many years ago obtained from the cabinet of the Diagnothian Society of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, several specimens of an extremely rare species of gar-fish. In a letter addressed to the society, in 1850, he makes the following remarks, which are interesting as illustrating the great naturalist's habits of study: "I study each scale separately, as I would as many distinct species of shells, in order to be one day prepared to recognize them when separated from the body to which they belonged, and to identify with the utmost precision allied fossil species of that family. I confess I do not at all times feel equal to such drudgery, and yet for my purpose it is as necessary as the lengthy calculations of an astronomer are for his."

It is not always the truth which an inquirer disbelieves, but the angles and reflections through which minds differently constituted have come at the truth. Give him time, and do not badger him with hard names, and he will often discover truth through lenses and prisms of his own making.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

WHEN COTTON OR LINENS are injured by rust, nutgall, ink, etc., moisten them with warm solution of muriatic acid, or with diluted muriatic acid, or granulated tin. When the spots disappear, wash in suds, boil and rinse in the usual manner. If the color is surely fast, colored cottons and woollen articles may be benefited by dipping the spots several times in weak citric acid; then sponge off

SWEEPING CARPETS.—To sweep a carpet thoroughly with a broom, take a pint of meal and a half pint of salt and moisten them together with just water enough to keep the meal from flying about, not wet enough to stick to the carpet; sprinkle pretty thickly on one side of the room, and sweep straight across; add a little more meal and salt and begins to fly—this cleans the carpets nicely, too.

WILD DUCKS.—Pare a fresh lemon very carefully, without breaking the thin white skin, put it inside a wild duck and keep it there for forty eight hours, and all offensive taste or disagreeable in wild fowls will be removed. The lemon should be removed and a fresh one put in its place as often as every twelve hours. A lemon thus prepared will absorb unpleasant flavors from almost all meat or game.

POTATO SALAD.—Cut six or eight cold boiling potatoes into thin slices, and put into a salad dish. Cut fine and sprinkle over the potatoes a teaspoonful of parsley and a little salt and cayenne. Stir half a tea cup of good cream until it is very smooth and frothy; pour over the potatoes, and mix carefully so as not to break the slices. A little prepared mustard, and a few slices of white celery chopped fine, are an addition. This is a good dish for a picnic.

A NICE RELISH FOR SUPPER.—One pint of grated cheese, one pint bread crumbs, two well beaten eggs, half a pint of milk, one teaspoonful salt. Heat a pint of milk boiling hot, with a large spoonful of butter; pour this over the other ingredients and mix well. Butter and set back on the range for three or four hours, stirring occasionally. Half an hour before supper butter a pie plate, pour the mixture in and bake in a moderate heat. It should not crust while standing on the range but merely dry out. Send hot to the table.

TO MAKE POTATOES MEALY.—A Canada paper says: We have found from our own experience that potatoes which are watery from the month of March till the market offers no new ones, may be made mealy by observing the simply operation of those varieties vegetables by soaking them a few hours in cold water, and putting them on into boil. We will not call the waters they are intended all the way through into fresh water and boil until the saucepan with cold water. Put in salt and boil till they are quite done. Drain off that water, and cover lightly as possible and set on the back of the range to steam, lifting the cover for an instant now and then, but with one hand holding down the lid; shake the saucepan every few minutes to prevent a burning, and never your potatoes fail. If rightly managed they will be like snow balls.

CONSERVE OF ROSES.—A lady who makes rose conserve says: Spread on the following recipe: Gather the roses on a dry day, and pull out the petals. This can be done for several days until enough roses are done blooming. Spread them on a dish or tray so up that they may not mildew. When done gather them up, and to one heaven dozen roses preserving it with a little water, cover them and boil until tender; then add sugar and boil ten minutes longer. Strain as one of the best remedies for indigestion. This delicious preserve of conserve of roses is also passed around on a little silver tray to guests to taste of and talk about and praise. Ladies will find it a delightful flavoring for pudding cakes and pies as it retains the rose flavor and fragrance for any length of time. A little of the syrup in pudding sauce is very nice. A little of the leaves as well. In mince pies is a great addition.

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PHILADELPHIA, April 2, 1877.

Saturday Evening, April 21, 1877.

NEXT WEEK

A POWERFUL ROMANCE!

Our next week's number will contain the opening chapters of an original story entitled

What Will They Do With Him?

BY MARY E. WOODSON,

Author of "A Woman's Vow," "Oakhurst" "Wrong from the Grave," etc., etc.

This lady, now the wife of a member of Congress, is already most favorably known to the readers of the Post, as a writer of vivid imagination, most skillful in her construction of plot and incident, and possessing rare gifts of description, and dramatic presentation of characters and situations. This, her most recent work, secured for the Post at large outlay, abounds in elements of the very highest interest, and will hold the reader's attention to the end. It presents a series of adventures incident to the Western wilds, such as might be deemed incredible in any other section, but which have often been paralleled by actual occurrences there, so that a graphic picture is given of life on the frontier, and startling phases of character developed by such surroundings, are most strongly drawn.

LEARN TO WAIT

How to wait, is known to few

There are those who appear to be born to it; who are always waiting. These are almost invariably conspicuous failures, except as forcible warnings. They are like over-ballasted ships, too deeply sunk to carry additional cargo, not to be bastened by favoring breezes, and in danger of sinking under boisterous waves.

A natural waiter shows his inherent disposition very early in life. He is the boy who must be called an indefinite number of times before he will get up in the morning; is always late at school; is regularly "kept in" to learn his lessons, and is invariably chosen last by his playmates in their games. He grows slowly, marries late in life, if at all, is apt to live a little for many years, and then gradually drop out of existence in this world.

If the man who is a born waiter drags himself or is dragged sluggishly and ineffectually through a sombre and almost useless life, he who does not know how to wait is perhaps equally unfortunate. In childhood, he is the great real-disturber, the accident-maker, the green apple-eater, the admired pest of the neighborhood; headlong and full of resultant bumps and bruises.

In manhood, he is full of promise, and incapable of performance. He abounds in gush and fizzle, is properly symbolized by a bottle of "pop;" most effusive and unreliable, a vessel with immense sail and little ballast, continually plunging under the waves; a steam engine without a "governor" ready to explode if the safety valve becomes clogged.

Solomon directed the sluggard to the ant to learn foresight and industry; he would have sent the impetuous un-waiting man to the spider. She spins her web and lays all her lines with unabated activity, energy and industry, and then waits with most enduring patience until the reward of her toils is reaped.

Many a man might have secured competence and comfort, had he been content to allow his well laid plans to develop, instead of beating a slow certainty for a most promising venture.

In the enumeration of the cardinal virtues, patience is placed last, as most difficult of acquirement. To "wait a little longer" for the good time coming, is indeed a crowning test of completeness and fitness to enter into its full enjoyment when it does come. It is a grace which does not come by mere force of will. It is fully learned only by repeated bitterness of experience, and so the man who for the present is buffeted and helplessly overborne by shock after shock of disaster, may, if he will, strengthen his soul by remembering that he is receiving the finishing touches of the Master artist, by which he is to be made complete in all excellences.

THE PERMANENT EXHIBITION.

A very heavy dose of cold water has been dashed into the faces of the managers of the Permanent Exhibition, who, as our readers are aware, were preparing to open their enterprise on the 10th of May, in the Main Building of the recent Centennial Exposition.

Of the capital stock of the new company ($600,000 in all), $300,000 had been subscribed, payable in Centennial stock, which was considered worth about seventy-five cents on the dollar. This valuation was based on the supposition that $1,500,000 advanced by Congress would not be claimed by the United States, as there were no profits to be divided after paying the stockholders, and the Circuit Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania had decided that the loan was to be repaid, only after the original stockholders' claims had been met. The case, however, was carried up to the Supreme Court, and the decision reversed, requiring now that the $1,500,000 shall be returned to the United States' treasury as a preferred creditor. This, of course, nearly knocks the bottom out of the value of the Centennial stock, reducing the $300,000 to about $75,000, and requiring about $225,000 additional stock to be subscribed to assure the completion of the plans of the Permanent Exhibition Company.

We have said it was a dash of cold water to the directors, but so far from being fatal, it has only stimulated them to renewed effort, and measures are already in progress to fill up the unexpected deficiency, with every assurance of success. The men who organized and carried to triumphant conclusion the greatest exhibition the world has ever known, are not to be balked by the trifling obstacle of a quarter of a million of dollars.

The show will come off.

A HEALTHFUL PLAN.

It is very easy to profess great disbelief in the skill of the medical profession, to say that nature cures if the doctors will permit it, and generally to hold them in light esteem, so long as a person is in sound health and good spirits; but it is generally observed that such skeptics, are speedily converted into faith in medical treatment by very slight attacks of illness.

Singularly enough, the most skeptical people are not infrequently the most credulous: they strain at a gnat of "regular practice," and swallow a camel of quack doctoring. Charlatans find a harvest among those who are "down on regular physicians" as they express it.

A story is told of a gentleman who was asked if he attended church, and replied, "Yes, I have sat under preaching for seventeen years, and am a Christian yet." A similar experience could be related by many who have been under medical treatment of one kind and another for a long time, and who are alive yet. It is fortunate for men that the human constitution can adapt itself to a very wide range of circumstances, conditions and treatment, including the medical experiments which are being constantly tried upon it, otherwise the blunders daily made in tinkering at health would be more fearful than they now are.

Great advances have been made during the century in the art of preserving health, by prevention of disease. Many epidemics have lost their former terrors; their causes are well known and may be and are avoided. It is a fact that tells the whole story, that during the last half century, the average duration of human life has been raised from thirty-two up to forty years. This has been accomplished by increased knowledge and systematic co-operative action in society in lessening causes of disease.

In the matter of co-operation for promoting health, a new idea has recently been developed in England known as the "Provident Dispensary" system, which seems entirely feasible and has proved so there.

Its working is thus shown in a recent article in the New York *Times*:

In every thousand men and women there is a certain number who are sick. This proposition varies in different places and seasons, but it is a known factor in the health of cities. It may for convenience, be reckoned at, say twenty-five in the thousand. This sick rate being known, it is easy to reckon the commercial value of health, and this being ascertained, it is possible to decide the actual money cost of maintaining health.

"Suppose one thousand men and women in one neighborhood paid, each, ten cents a week to a fund, for a year they would have a fund of $5,200. Suppose they paid $4,000 to a good physician for his services, on demand for a year. A good medical man could easily undertake to maintain the thousand people in good health, as far as nature would permit, and would still have left $1,200 to pay for collecting the money. The doctor could hardly be expected to collect the money, and a collector to call each week or month in advance, would be needed. This would only amount to $5 20 a year for each one, and would entitle each to medical attendance for the year without extra charge. By such an arrangement the patients would be sure of help in need; they could call the doctor at the very first approach of illness, and much sickness would thus be avoided. Everything depends on the first attack in a disease; the first hour is worth more than the second week, and the doctor who is called promptly is generally the most successful. If the doctor felt secure in a good income; if he had his patients in hand at all times, he could do himself more justice, and save his patients much trouble, delay, and pain."

"A young doctor puts out his sign and waits weary years for a decently good income. His patients often have the utmost difficulty in paying his bills. And, with all this, by proper association, they could get good medical attendance from a man jealous and eager to keep them well for only a few dollars a year in advance, and the doctor would be saved the worrying care and heart-sickening deferment of hope that are his usual experience in early medical life. The only wonder is that some active and honest man does not undertake to collect ten or fifteen cents a week, from a thousand or more people, and provide them with a first-class physician. An able medical man could readily undertake the care of fifteen hundred patients, if he was provided with a generous and fixed income. The collector picking up fifteen cents a week, in weekly or monthly payments from fifteen hundred people, could easily pay a physician $6,000 or $6,000 a year for his whole time, could guarantee to his patients the best attention on demand, and still have a little something for himself."

"CROCUS."

BY MRS. MARY B. HALL.

This morning beside my window
I heard a voice, strangely complete;
A robin was calling her lover,
In words that were thrillingly sweet.

O'er-charmed by the voices of the singer,
I reverently bowed my head low;
When, behold! a dark-eyed little crocus
Was peeping from under the snow

I caught up the fresh little beauty,
But deep in its pure heart of gold,
I knew its young life held a sorrow
Which had not as yet been told.

For when I pressed fondly its bosom,
And looked in its heavenly eyes,
The dainties blossom was weeping,
I found to my tearful surprise.

I asked o'er the crocus quite mildly,
What giveth your young heart pain?
The roses that sleep close beside you
Are striving to waken in vain.

You, of all the fair flowers of my garden,
Have heard the sweet songs of the spring,
And thus, to be favored, believe me,
Is not such a vain little thing.

The crocus her half folded lit petals,
Thus shading its eyes of dark blue;
And modestly answered, "my sister
Of roses, I'll tell you true."

"I know that the crocus is favored,
To hear the first robin's love song;
And to have me lightly kissed by the south wind,
As softly it dances along."

"But through all the long lineage of crocus,
It ever has been our lot;
That where roses and lilies were blooming,
The crocus was always forgot."

Thus it has been and is ever,
We constantly languish, and sigh
For some unattainable blessing,
Refusing the blessing that's nigh.

And thus a most excellent lesson
I never before could know,
I have learned from a plain little crocus,
Just peeping from under the snow.

THE TWO JEWELS

I FOUND IN ARIZONA.

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

PART III.

When I started up at last, the broad light of day was streaming through my window, and Allen Montell stood beside me with his hand upon my shoulder.

"It was rather a cruel one to disturb you," he said, "but the imperative duties of life are but too often opposed to the laws of social etiquette. I am compelled to leave you for a few hours, and have just taken off another point upon the dial, and it is my pleasure, as I trust it will be yours, that I should first start you on your return to your home."

I sprang out of bed, and being left alone, hastily completed my toilette and joined my host in the hall.

The delicious odor of venison and steaming coffee greeted me as he threw open the door, and my Pearl of the evening smiled serenely upon us from the head of the board.

"My sister regrets that her increased indisposition will prevent her from being favored with your company this morning," said the young lady, with the unaffected ease of a person accustomed to assume the duties of a hostess.

"I fear the late hours we kept last night were in rather severe opposition to your normal constitution," I replied.

"Yes," said Montell, "it was a tax which her poor constitution could ill afford to pay, but I could not deny her the pleasure of conversing with another girl. Soon it was the first in ten years to find us in our retreat, and I hope it will be the last."

My glance met that of the young lady, and I felt the color mounting to my brow. Whatever had been my sleeping or waking dreams they were here rudely dispelled by the fiat of the master. And if, as I best knew, my heart was beating, panting, some wild hope animated my breast, that I might have put a severer construction upon his words than he had designed, it was crushed by the unmistakable expression of a second command, as he drew me for a moment across into the room where we had held our first private interview on the evening before.

"I trust that you will not need this second reminder of your solemn promise," he said forcually.

"I shall not;" I answered, "the plighted word of Eugene Hagan is as inviolable as the decree of death. It was freely given, and will be conscientiously observed."

"Strange to say, with my knowledge of human nature, I believe you," he returned, moodily; but added, with a smile that lit up his whole face: "By heaven! you must stand. This sick rate being known, it is easy to reckon the commercial value of health, and this being ascertained, it is possible to decide the actual money cost of maintaining health."

"Suppose one thousand men and women in one neighborhood paid, each, ten cents a week to a fund, for a year they would have a fund of $5,200. Suppose they paid $4,000 to a good physician for his services, on demand for a year. A good medical man could easily undertake to maintain the thousand people in good health, as far as nature would permit, and would still have left $1,200 to pay for collecting the money. The doctor could hardly be expected to collect the money, and a collector to call each week or month in advance, would be needed. This would only amount to $5 20 a year for each one, and would entitle each to medical attendance for the year without extra charge. By such an arrangement the patients would be sure of help in need; they could call the doctor at the very first approach of illness, and much sickness would thus be avoided. Everything depends on the first attack in a disease; the first hour is worth more than the second week, and the doctor who is called promptly is generally the most successful. If the doctor felt secure in a good income; if he had his patients in hand at all times, he could do himself more justice, and save his patients much trouble, delay, and pain."

"A young doctor puts out his sign and waits weary years for a decently good income. His patients often have the utmost difficulty in paying his bills. And, with all this, by proper association, they could get good medical attendance from a man jealous and eager to keep them well for only a few dollars a year in advance, and the doctor would be saved the worrying care and heart-sickening deferment of hope that are his usual experience in early medical life. The only wonder is that some active and honest man does not undertake to collect ten or fifteen cents a week, from a thousand or more people, and provide them with a first-class physician. An able medical man could readily undertake the care of fifteen hundred patients, if he was provided with a generous and fixed income. The collector picking up fifteen cents a week, in weekly or monthly payments from fifteen hundred people, could easily pay a physician $6,000 or $6,000 a year for his whole time, could guarantee to his patients the best attention on demand, and still have a little something for himself."

"CROCUS."

BY MRS. MARY B. HALL.

This morning beside my window
I heard a voice, strangely complete;
A robin was calling her lover,
In words that were thrillingly sweet.

O'er-charmed by the voices of the singer,
I reverently bowed my head low;
When, behold! a dark-eyed little crocus
Was peeping from under the snow

I caught up the fresh little beauty,
But deep in its pure heart of gold,
I knew its young life held a sorrow
Which had not as yet been told.

For when I pressed fondly its bosom,
And looked in its heavenly eyes,
The dainties blossom was weeping,
I found to my tearful surprise.

I asked o'er the crocus quite mildly,
What gi

indeed command almost any of the blessings of life."

I insisted during the morning that he would permit me to make over to him the land I had bought, and which had marvelously increased in value in the last few weeks.

"No," he returned emphatically. "How often shall I tell you that wealth is the last thing on earth I desire? If as I see, and it is natural to the man you are, you desire to do something handsome by me, you could not confer a greater favor than to make it over to Caspar Aymes. I am under some obligations to the man."

I told him how much more cheerfully I would have favored any one of the family in preference, but as a mark of gratitude it should be as he wished, and requesting him to attend to the matter for me, I took up my pistols and prepared for a short ramble over the beloved mountains, Caspar Aymes with a drawn pistol leveled at my breast, his hideous, reptile face, mirroring the worst of passions.

"Move your hand but a hair's breadth and you are a dead man before you can cry 'God ha' mercy!'" he hissed. "I mean to have that diamond in your pocket, and then I mean to kill you for your presumption in making love to her. You are a nice man, ain't you?"

"You have been a spy upon my actions, I know," I answered. "But I am not to be murdered or robbed quite so easily. You had better say your own prayers," and in a flash I had drawn my own pistol, and presenting it at him pulled the trigger.

There was a flash in the pan and a loud laugh rang in my ears. "Ha! ha!" he yelled, "I doctored that little thunderer when you left it on your bunk today, else I would have shot you in the back as I came up. Now, see how nice mine goes off."

I made a desperate spring toward's him. The movement saved my life, for the ball aimed at my heart grazed my left side and entered my arm. Stunned by the wound, I staggered back and fell to the earth. When I again opened my eyes Caspar Aymes' knee was on my breast and his hands in my pockets. At any other time I could have turned him over as I would have done the buffalo hide in my cabin, but my strength seemed now clean gone out of me, and the blood was oozing from my side.

"Ah! here is the diamond," he laughed, as he took it from my pocket. "I knew you had it about you, in spite of your pretended caution to your precious friend Cade about the safe, as you started off. You are slowly bleeding to death, my friend. I like that. I did not wish you to die instantly. I shall now leave you here to your fate. You would like to have your last sigh upon her bosom, wouldn't you? But she doesn't roam here now."

"Sometimes, you desperate villain," cried a clear, ringing voice above us, and quick as one could look up there was another flaming of powder before my eyes, and Caspar Aymes fell at my feet.

Whether from exhaustion or a sense of escape I don't know, but I fainted quite away, and when I opened my eyes Pearl Montell was bending over me, binding up my fractured arm with her own trembling hands.

"Thank Heaven!" she cried, "you are not fatally hurt. My father will be here in a moment, for I have blown a whistle which he never disregards. And we will look to the miserable wretch who would have murdered and robbed you."

A fearful groan broke from the lips of the wounded man. "I am dying," he groaned, "and oh, Heavens! by her hand. Pearl Montell, in spite of the barriers which have divided us, I have loved you since you were a little child, yet you have always mistrusted me."

"And it seems not without a cause," she answered. "It is you who haye held some painful and powerful secret over my father to make him what he is. I pray you tell me what it is."

As she spoke a step resounded near us, and once more Allan Montell looked down upon me.

"So we meet again," he said. "Imprudent, wicked child, what have you done?" and he looked in consternation upon his daughter, who stood like a very queen of tragedy, at the prostrate villain beyond her.

"Blame her not," gasped Aymes. "She has done what none could have saved her life and his after she appeared here. Allan I have a secret to tell you. Oh! if Martin Cade were only here."

"He is here," said a fourth voice, in a loud tone, and my friend of the past year broke through the copse.

"My God! Allan!"

"Martin!"

The two men stood regarding each other for a moment, the one in painful confusion and the other with mournful surprise.

"How strange are the cajoleries of fate, that we should meet, and meet here," Cade was the first to exclaim.

"It is the mysterious retribution of Providence," answered Allan Aymes. "Now listen to me, Martin Cade. It was I alone who wrecked both of your lives. It was I, so help me Heaven, who embittered you in your youth, the one against the other, that it was I who altered the will of your uncle, without Allan Cade's knowledge, and who persuaded you that he had been accessory to the fraud. And when in the climax and horror of your conviction that your brother had committed a great crime, you made a confidant of your lawyer, and begged him, at the reading, to let it be supposed that it was the will he had drawn up, it was I who persuaded Allan Montell that you had made the alteration by night, and were plotting to have him arrested in revenge for his having married your first and only love. He fled secretly on the same night, his wife assured of his innocence accompanying him, and after many wanderings, being embittered against all the world, I drew him to these mountain wilds, while you, Martin, have been for three six years past within a few leagues of his asylum. My motive was to be revenged on you both, because Montell, in spite of my pretenses of friendship, I hated you for having won the regard of Adda Castlenaye, whom I first loved, and who after wards became your wife. And I felt that Martin had always disliked me, and would have spurned me from him, but that I told him from time to time I knew where you were, and if he enraged me too much I would expose your crime and have you brought to justice."

"So, villain, with all your other infamies, you had dared to imagine you loved the woman I married," said Montell, spurning the fallen desperado with his foot. "Oh, Pearl, you shall henceforth be the pride as you have been the ornament of my life. My only regret will be that mine could not have been the hand to inflict upon him the punishment he deserved."

"Or mine," said Martin Cade in a trembling voice. "See, brother, you are innocent —as I ought to have known you were—of the crime that has burdened my life all these years."

"Yes," answered Montell. "The villain who has there persuaded me that you had published my infamy, and had emissaries in every part of the country in search of me. And as he assured me our uncle had altered the will himself in a fit of mental aberration, but the night before he died; and that any jury in the world would convict me, I grew alarmed for the sake of my wife and child, and wandered off here."

"How much suffering we might both have been spared," exclaimed Martin Cade, extending his hand. "Oh, Allan, my brother, can you forgive me?"

Their hands were locked in a fervent clasp, and the two men turned away their heads to hide the tears their manhood could not repress.

Caspar Aymes lived until the next day, expressing great contrition for all his sins.

I was taken also to Montell's cottage, which was but a few hundred yards off, and where my wound detained me in the society of the two brothers for some weeks.

Montell—he had taken the name of his uncle, by command—his father being a Cade as we know, showed to me, while here, the route by which I had been led blindfold back to Carson Flats by Aymes. A portion of the way lay through a magnificent natural tunnel, the opening to which had been carefully concealed by a whimsical freak of nature; and the secret of which Montell had carefully preserved, as the hiding place it presumed the world might bring a number of curious strangers in dangerous proximity to his house.

The reason of my singular reception, when I had been so handsomely cared for, was, he assured me, because Aymes had but that evening informed him, for the purpose of extorting a sum of money from him, that he (Montell) had been guilty of the bitterest enmity, and with a disposition naturally embittered, he had sworn to die rather than be taken.

What the secret of their mutual love had been I never knew: but of this I felt assured—Mrs. Montell was deeply and entirely attached to her husband.

In a short time the attractive couple were preparing to accompany their daughter East.

Martin Cade had formed quite an attachment for the mine, but he still declared his determination to remain indefinitely in his present location, nor could our united persuasions change his resolve.

I obtained money on my great diamond, during a visit to San Francisco, and when I arrived in New York, I was really assured that in Holland it would bring me upwards of a million of dollars.

But the jewel of far greater price—one of those which I found in Arizona—and which I hold the proudest ornament of my life—is my Pearl, my darling wife, who had risked her life to save mine.

THE END.

DEATH OF REV. WILLIAM MUHLENBERG, D. D.

Rev. William A. Muhlenberg, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, died in St. Luke's Hospital, New York, on Sunday evening. He was the son of Henry M. Muhlenberg, of this city, and was born September 16th, 1796. His family had long resided in the neighborhood of Trappe, Montgomery Co., and several of his ancestors became celebrated for their cultivation of the natural sciences. His great grandfather, a clergyman of the German Lutheran sect, was the founder of that church in this country. It was related of a son of the latter, who was also a clergyman, that when a Revolutionary war broke out, he preached a sermon on the text, "There's a time for all things—a time to preach and a time to fight—and now is the time to fight," and then mustered the male part of his congregation as a regiment, which he commanded. During the war he rose to the rank of Major-general. Rev. William Muhlenberg, the subject of this sketch, has therefore honor to be distinguished ancestry by a long life of usefulness. He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1821, and was ordained deacon as soon as he attained his majority. He was ordained priest by Bishop White, and in 1821 was appointed rector of St. James' Church, Lancaster, Pa. While there he organized the first public school established in Pennsylvania outside of Philadelphia. In 1823 he moved to Flushing, L. I., where he founded a school which afterwards developed into Flushing College, and of which he was was principal and rector for many years. In 1846 the Church of the Holy Communion, built by his sister, Mrs. M. A. C. Rogers, as a memorial to her husband, under the condition that it should always remain a free church, was completed, and Dr. Muhlenberg became its rector. He immediately began the collection of money for the building of a church hospital, and in a short time put in operation St. Luke's Hospital, where he died. It is supported chiefly by contributions from the Episcopalians of New York, but like the Episcopal and other denominational hospitals of this city is open to patients of all creeds. In 1857, Dr. Muhlenberg became associate rector and pastor of the new hospital, which positions he continued to hold until his death. He organized the first Protestant sisterhood for service in the United States. Their work was the establishment of the Christian Industrial Community of St. Johnsland. This is a plan to provide cheap and comfortable homes, with the means of social and moral improvement, for deserving families among the working classes; to maintain a home for aged men in reduced circumstances; to care for friendless children and youths, especially cripples, and to assist young men who desire higher education with a view to the ministry. A space of about 500 acres was purchased, homes for children and old men and a church were erected at a cost of about $50,000. The whole scheme has been very successful, the homes are constantly full, and many families have been located on the land in suitable dwellings.

Besides his active work as a philanthropist, Dr. Muhlenberg found time to cultivate an hereditary taste for literature and general culture. Many of his sermons and hymns have been widely published, one of the latter—"I Would Not Live Alway"—being of exceptional merit as a poem and as an expression of religious feeling.

EXPRESSIVE SILENCE.—Ah, that silence! Do not listen to hear whom a woman praises, to know where her heart is! Do not ask for whom she expresses the most earnest enthusiasm! But if there be one she once knew well, whose name she never speaks, if she seem to have an instinct to avoid every occasion of its mention, if, when you speak, she drops into silence and changes the subject, why, look there for something, just as when going through deep meadow-grass, a bird flies ostentatiously up before you, you may know her nest is not there, but far off, under distant tufts of fern and buttercup, through which she has crept with a silent flutter to her spotted brood, to set her pretty little false blood before you.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

PLAIN PHILOSOPHIES.

BY BANNIE SADLER.

I never liked to be called rude,
Or saw politeness' rules eschewed;
But when a curious Mrs. Pry
Comes gaunting for 'bout this and that,
To increase her store of idle chat,
To berate a fren',
I'll not enlighten her—not I.

I would not like to be a cause,
That kind which is of little use;
But her, Alas! is my abuse,
For if to know my own affairs,
And let my neighbors tend to theirs,
Makes me a goose,
I'd rather be a goose than not.

I always dread the cruel sneer,
The biting jest and vulgar leer,
That only comes from hearts of guile
But I'll to lean on mercy's side,
When human hearts have been o'er tried,
And I'll bring a sneer
I'd rather have a sneer than smile.

THE LADY IN THE WHITE SHAWL

"To-morrow, Louisa Lovebird, the dearest friend I have upon earth, is to come to stay; and we will have such expeditions together. She is very pretty; but you are not to admire her, mind. Her husband is in India."

"Admire her!" said, reproachfully. "Could I?"

"And your photograph—you promised that for to-morrow. I declare this is the fourth valse I have given you to-night. But I suppose I must."

There were the words of an "only daughter," in article which seems to have a mysterious fascination for mankind. She was not exactly pretty, but "no nice" her better-favored friends protested. The "only" was enough for me. Her name was Lucy Henwitcher, her father being the reverend of that name.

Forget the photograph, for which she had expressed a wish, and reserved a place in an album so stout and gorged that it could not be laced or buttoned-to! I had sat and sat again to Cameron Skewer, for one of his choicest "Cabinet Minister" size. That artist had taken infinite pains; but at first he could not satisfy himself, and on succeeding attempts could not satisfy me. I sat four times, each result being worse than the one before. The last, however, he declared, could not be better; and he went into such ecstasies over his own work that he persuaded me. Yet, on the ground of its being so unflattering, I thought it very doubtful if it could be like. However, he assured me that it was my own self."

The morning after the ball I went to receive a copy, which was to be placed on a gaily caparisoned snow-white steed, which was to set it off—in other words, to be "mounted." The effect seemed to me unsatisfactory; and the operator, seeing the shadow on my face—my own face—humanely came to my relief, declaring that he would have it transferred to one of his "boudoor" mounts, which would give the effect desired, and send it up in an hour.

I had left my likeness on the table in the show room, and had passed into the operating chamber, being curious about a nervous patient "operated" in front of the instrument, when I observed a well-dressed lady, in a snowy embroidered shawl, standing at the table, with my lately-done portrait in her hand. Her behavior was certainly excited. She was a pale, elegant creature, tall and interesting to a degree, with an air of almost pensive romance in her face. She held the picture near, and then at a distance; laid it down, standing up on the table; drew a chair in close, and pored over it—now smiling, now clasping her lips, as it were, to some devotee. Finally, she raised it slowly to her lips, and printed on it a long, slowly-given kiss, drawing away her lips, as it were, reluctantly. It may be imagined how singularly affected I was at this extraordinary proceeding. I did not, of course, rush out and acknowledge myself as the original; for I was so embarrassed by the situation that, when she rose, and, with my picture in her hand, advanced towards the operating-room, I instantly drew aside and passed out on the stairs. There I listened.

"What is the price of this?" she said.

He explained that it was engaged—was waiting for a "boudoor" mount, etc.

"I do not care," she answered; "I must have it. It shall be mounted—in my boudoir. Here is half-a-sovereign—a sovereign, if you like——"

The operator looked bewildered.

"Well, as you are so bent on it, I will send up to the gent; he was here only a moment ago. I'm sure he'll be flattered; but he is very anxious about it, and said that he must have it in an hour."

"I can't give up this picture. Stay! Tell me his address, and I'll go to him myself."

At this announcement, as her dress was rustling near, I retreated, fearful of being discovered, and gained the street. There, screened from observation, I saw her come out, my picture in her hand; and she went her way, studying it in a sort of rapt fashion. What should I do? Hurry to my rooms, and wait for what the old romance writers would call "my fair incognita?" I did so; but she never came, though I waited for nearly an hour after the time fixed when I was to dine at Lucy Henwitcher's. I thought of calling at the operator's again; but I did not relish having him as a confidant; so, ruminating as I walked, and very little

THE GUINEO TREE AND THE WOGGLY BIRD.

[*For the especial benefit of Hypochondriacs.*]

One summer's evening, long ago,
There came a bird that none did know,
And the ghineo tree said, "Woe is me!
'Tis the woggly bird," said the ghineo tree.
"Ah me! ah me! and woe is me!
'Tis the woggly bird," said the ghineo tree.

Under the shade of the tree it sat,
And built its nest in the ghineo's hat,
And the eggs were laid that seemed to be
The eggs of the foe of the ghineo tree.
Ah me! ah me! They seemed to be
The eggs of the foe of the ghineo tree.

"It's most aboard, it's most aboard,
I'll not be fooled by the woggly bird,
The sad tree sang, and "Woe is me!
O why was I born a ghineo tree"
Ah me! ah me! and woe is me!
O why was I born a ghineo tree"

"Revenge is a sweet!" the ghineo cried;
To stand upon his head he tried,
But failed, for he had not been taught,
When young, to posture as he ought.
Ah me! ah me! he'd not been taught,
When young, to posture as he ought.

So now the little woggles roost
(At least, a year ago they used
Upon the branch, if branch there be—
The branch of the ill-said ghineo tree.
Ah me! ah me! if branch there be,
They roost on the branch of the ghineo tree

MORAL.

There's no such thing as the ghineo tree;
There's no such thing, and never will be.
It's also true, though most aboard
There's no such thing as a woggly bird
Ah me! ah me! it's most absurd.
But there's no such thing as the woggly bird

THE CAPTAIN'S LAST LOVE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER VI.

The night had come, and the captain had not left the island. Almata's resolution to send him away in the darkness was a forgotten resolution already. She had let him persuade her that he was in no danger, so long as he remained in the hut on the cliff; and she had promised, at parting, to return to him, while the Priest was still sleeping, at the dawn of day.

He was alone in the hut. The thought of the innocent creature whom he loved was sorrowfully as well as tenderly present to his mind. He almost regretted his rash visit to the island. "I will take her with me to England," he said to himself. "What do I care for the opinion of the world? Almata shall be my wife."

The intense heat oppressed him. He stepped out on the cliff towards midnight, in search of a breath of air. The first shock of earthquake (felt in the ship while she was inside the reef) shook the ground he stood on. He instantly thought of the volcano on the main island. Had he been mistaken in supposing the crater to be extinct? Was the shock of the earthquake that he had just felt a warning from the volcano, communicated through a submarine connection between the two islands? He waited and watched through the hours of darkness with a vague sense of apprehension, which was not to be reasoned away. With the first rayes of daybreak he descended into the forest, and saw the lovely being whose safety was already precious to him as his own, hurrying to meet him through the trees.

She waved her hand distractedly, as she approached him. "Go!" she cried; "go away in your canoe before the island is destroyed!"

He did his best to quiet her alarm. Was it the shock of earthquake that had frightened her? It was not only the shock of earthquake, it was something more ominous still which had followed the shock. There was a lake near the Temple, the waters of which were supposed to be heated by subterranean fires. The lake had risen with the earthquake, had bubbled furiously, and had then melted away in the night. Her father, viewing the portent with horror, had gone to the cape, to watch the volcano on the main island, and to implore, by prayers and sacrifices, the protection of the gods. Hearing this, the captain entreated Almata to let him see the empty lake, in the absence of the Priest. She hesitated; but his influence was all-powerful. He prevailed on her to turn back with him through the forest.

Reaching the farthest limit of the trees, they came out upon open, rocky ground that sloped gently downward towards the centre of the island. Having crossed this space, they arrived at a natural amphitheatre of rock. On one side of it the Temple appeared, partly excavated, partly formed by a natural cavern. On one of the lateral branches of the cavern was the dwelling of the Priest and his daughter. The mouth of it looked out on the rocky basin of the lake. Stooping over the edge of the basin, the captain discovered, far down in the empty depths, a light cloud of steam. Not a drop of water was visible anywhere.

"Does *that* woman look reassured?" said Almata, pointing to the abyss. She shuddered, and hid her face on the captain's bosom. "My father says," she whispered, "that is your doing."

The captain started. "Does your father know that I am on the island?"

She looked up at him with a quick glance of reproach. "Do you think I would tell him, and put your life in peril?" she asked. "My father felt the destroyer of this island in the earthquake; my father saw the coming destruction in the disappearance of the lake." Her eyes rested on him with loving languor. "Are you indeed the demon of the prophecy?" she said, winding her hair round her finger. "Do you know, I would tell you if you are. I am a girl bewitched; I love the demon." She kissed him passionately. "I don't care if I die," she whispered between the kisses. "O I am a happy girl!"

The captain made no attempt to reason with her. He took the wiser way—he appealed to her feelings.

"You will come with me to my own country," he said. "My ship is waiting. I will take you home with me, and make you my wife."

She sprang to her feet, and clapped her hands for joy. Then she thought of her father, and sat down again in tears.

The captain understood her. "Let us leave this dreary place," he said. "We will talk about it in the cool glades of the forest, where you first said you loved me."

She gave him her hand. "Where I first said I loved you!" she repeated, smiling tenderly and thoughtfully as she looked at him. They left the lake together.

CHAPTER VII.

The darkness had fallen again. The ship was still becalmed at sea.

Mr. Duncalf came on deck after his supper. The thin line of smoke, seen rising from the peak of the mountain that evening, was now succeeded by ominous flashes of fire from the same quarter, intermittently visible. The faint, hot breeze from the land was felt once more. "There's just an air of wind," the mate remarked. "We will try for the captain while we have the chance."

One of the boats was lowered into the water—under command of the second mate, who had taken the "bearings" of the tattooed island by daylight. Four of the men were to go with him, and they were all to be well armed. Mr. Duncalf adressed his final instructions to the officer in the boat.

"You will keep a look-out with a lantern in the bows. When you get a-nigh the island, you will fire a gun and sing out for the captain——"

"Quite needless," interposed a voice from the sea. "The captain is here!"

Without taking the slightest notice of the astonishment that he had caused, the captain paddled his canoe to the side of the ship. Instead of ascending to the deck of the "Fortuna," he stepped into the boat. "Lend me your pistols," he said quietly to the second officer, "and oblige me by taking your men back to their duties on board." He looked up at Mr. Duncalf, and gave some further directions. "If there is any change in the weather, keep the ship standing off and on, at a safe distance from the land; and throw up a rocket from time to time to show your position. Expect me on board again by sunrise."

"What!" cried the mate. "Do you mean to say you are going back to the island—in that boat—by yourself?"

"I am going back to the island," answered the captain, as quietly as ever, "in this boat—all by myself." He pushed off from the ship, and hoisted the sail as he spoke.

"You're deserting your duty!" shouted the mate, with one of his loudest oaths.

"Attend to my directions," the captain shouted back, as he drifted away into the darkness.

Mr. Duncalf—evidently greatly agitated for the first time in his life—took leave of his superior officer, with a singular mixture of solemnity and politeness, in these words:

"The Lord have mercy on your soul! I wish you good evening."

CHAPTER VIII.

Alone in the boat, the captain looked with a misgiving mind at the flashing of the volcano on the main island.

If events had favored him, he would have removed Almata to the shelter of the ship on the day when he saw the emptied basin of the lake. But the smoke of the Priest's sacrifice had been discovered from the main island; and the chief had sent two canoes with instructions to make inquiries. One of the canoes had returned; the other was kept in waiting off the cape, to place a means of communicating with the main island at the disposal of the Priest. The renewed earthquake had naturally increased the alarm of the chief. He had sent messages to the Priest, entreating him to leave the islands. The Priest refused. He believed in his gods and sacrifices, and believed he might avert the fatality that threatened his sanctuary. Yielding to the holy man, the chief sent reinforcements of canoes to take their turn at keeping watch off the headland. Assisted by torches, the islanders were on the alert (in superstitious terrors of the demon of the prophecy) by night as well as by day.

The captain would have risked certain death if he had ventured to approach the hiding-place in which he had concealed his canoe. He waited and watched. It was only after Almata had left him as usual, to return to her father at the close of the evening, that the chances declared themselves in the captain's favor. The fire-flashes from the mountain, visible when the night came, had struck terror into the hearts of the men in the canoes. They thought of their wives, their children, and their possessions on the main island, and they one and all deserted their Priest. The captain seized the opportunity of communicating with the ship, and of exchanging a frail canoe, which he was ill able to manage, for a swift sailing-boat, capable of keeping the sea in the event of stormy weather.

As he now neared the land, certain small sparks of red, moving in the distance, informed him that the canoes had been ordered back to their duty. Steering by the distant torchlight, he reached his own side of the island without accident, and, guided by the boat's lantern, anchored under the cliff. He climbed the rocks, advanced to the door of the hut—and was met, to his delight and astonishment, by Almata on the threshold.

"I dreamed that the anger of the deities had parted us forever," she said; "and I came here to see if my dream was true. Oh, how I have been crying, all alone in this hut! Now I have seen you I am satisfied. Kiss me, and let me go back. No you must not go with me. My father has his doubts; my father may be out, looking for me. It is you that are in danger, not I. I know the forest as well by dark as by daylight. You shall see me again at daybreak."

The captain detained her.

"Now you are here," he said, "why should I wait to place you in safety until daybreak? I have been to the ship; I have brought back a one of the boats. The darkness will befriend us—let us embark while we can."

She shrank back as he took her hand. "My father!" she said, faintly.

"Your father is in no danger. The canoes are waiting at the cape. I saw the lights as I passed."

With that reply he drew her out of the hut, and turned his face towards the sea. Not a breath of the breeze was now to be felt. The dead calm had returned—and the boat was too large to be easily managed by one man alone at the oars.

"The breeze may come again," he said to her. "Wait here, my angel, for the chance."

As he spoke the deep silence of the forest below them was broken by a sound. A harsh, wailing voice was heard, calling "Almata! Almata!"

"My father!" she whispered; "he has missed me. If he comes here, you are lost."

She kissed him with passionate fervor; she held him to her for a moment with all her strength. "Expect me at daybreak," she said, and disappeared down the landward slope of the cliff. He listened, anxious for her safety. The voices of the father and daughter just reached him from among the trees. The Priest spoke in no angry tones. She had apparently found an acceptable excuse for her absence. Little by little the failing sound of their voices told him that they were on their way back together to the Temple. The silence fell again. Not a ripple broke on the beach, not a leaf rustled in the forest. Nothing moved but the reflected flashes of the volcano on the black sky over the main island. It was an airless and an awful calm.

He went into the hut, and laid down on his bed of leaves, not to sleep, but to rest. All his energies might be required to meet the coming events of the morning. After the voyage to and from the ship, and the long watching that had preceded it, strong as he was, he stood in need of repose.

For some little time he kept awake, thinking. Insensibly the oppression of the intense heat, aided in its influence by his own fatigue, treacherously closed his eyes. In spite of himself, the weary man fell in a deep sleep.

He was awakened by a roar like the explosion of a park of artillery. The volcano on the main island had burst into a state of eruption. Smoky flame-light overspread the sky, and flashed through the open doorway of the hut. He sprang from his couch—and found himself up to his knees in water.

Had the sea overflowed the land? He waded out of the hut and the water rose to his middle. He looked round him by the lurid flame-light of the eruption. The one visible object within his range of view was the roof of the hut. In every other direction the waters of the inland sea, stained blood-red by the flaming sky, spread swirling and rippling strangely in the dead calm. In a moment more he became conscious that the earth on which the flood was sinking under his feet. The water rose to his neck; the last vestige of the roof of the hut disappeared. He looked round again, and saw the trunk borne on him. The island was sinking—slowly, slowly sinking into volcanic depths, below the utmost depth of the sea! The highest object was the hut, and that had dropped, inch by inch, under water, before his own eyes. Thrown up to the surface by occult volcanic influences, the island had sunk back under the same influences to the obscurity from which it had emerged!

A black, shadowy object, turning in a wide circle, came slowly near him as the all-destroying wave that made it spent its force in his mouth. The buoyant boat, rising on the sea as the earth deserted it, had dragged its anchor, and was floating round in the vortex made by the slowly-sinking island. With a last desperate hope that Almata might have been saved as he had been saved, he swam to the boat, seized the heavy oars with the strength of a giant, and made for the place (so far as he could guess at it now) where the lake and the Temple had once been.

He looked round and round him—he strained his eyes in the vain attempt to penetrate below the surface of the seething, dimpling sea. Had the panic-stricken watchers in the canoes diverted their gaze without an effort to save the father and daughter? Or had they both been suffocated, before they could make an attempt to escape from the mountain? He called to her in his misery, as if she could hear him out of the fathomless depths, "Almata! Almata!" The roar of the distant eruption answered him. The unfortunate girl lifted his hands in frantic supplication—and the burning sky glared down on him in its pitiless grandeur, and struck him to his knees in the boat. His heart sank with his sinking limbs. In the merciful frenzy that succeeded the shock, he saw her afar off, alive again in her white robe, an angel gazed on the waters, beckoning him to follow her to the brighter and the better world. He loosened the sail, he seized the oars, and the faster he pursued it, the faster the mocking vision fled from him over the empty and endless sea.

CHAPTER IX.

The boat was discovered the next morning from the ship. All that the devotion of the officers of the "Fortuna" could do for their unhappy commander was done on the homeward voyage. Restored to his own country, and to skilled medical help, the captain's mind, by slow degrees, recovered its balance. He has taken his place in society again—believes and moves and manages his affairs like the rest of us. But his heart is dead to all new emotions; nothing lives in it but the sacred remembrance of the sad love. He neither hunts nor avoids the society of women. Their sympathy finds him grateful, but their attractions seem to be lost on him; they pass from his mind as they pass from his eyes—they add nothing in him but the memory of Almata.

"Now you know, ladies, why the captain will never marry, and why (sailor as he is) he hates the sight of the sea."

A NEW LOVE TEST.

Pretty Margaret Nesbitt had two unexceptionable lovers, and sadly puzzled was she to choose between them—at least, so she pretended, as she gravely debated their respective merits, with her sister and confidant, Phœbe Field. Certainly, if she had a preference, she kept her secret well guarded. A tall, handsome girl was Margaret, and a fascinating one withal. Full of mischief and spirit, she delighted in a frolic or a jest; and some there were, who judging her merely by some of the mad freaks in which she had been engaged, held her to be but a thoughtless, giddy girl. Yet the friends who knew her best discovered beneath her merry humor a fund of plain, good sense, and true feeling, which won her both respect and love.

One evening, after returning from a party, where she had met both aspirants for favor, Margaret sat thoughtfully by the fire in her dressing-room, her little, white-slippered feet resting on the fender, and for the hundredth time debated the merits of her two lovers with Cousin Phœbe.

"You see, Phœbe," she continued gravely knitting her brow with an air of great perplexity, "each has his advantages. Hamilton Myers has so much talent—is handsome —of such a good family—and withal flatters me so charmingly, that I find him—very agreeable; on the other hand, though William North talks so much less, and lets me fairly pine and pout for a compliment, there is something so open, and generous, and kind about him, that I think I like him almost, or quite as well as Mr. Myers."

"Then your not in love with either?" asked Phœbe, a little annoyed by her friend's coolness in the matter.

"Not a bit, cousin—and what is more, I intend to keep myself heart-whole, at least till I ascertain sincerely. I wish I knew some way to find out faithfully."

"I heard of a case a few days ago, where the strength of a husband's affection was severely tried," said Phœbe. "My friend, Mrs. Lyon, was left on a visit during her husband's absence from home. Knowing herself to be frightfully disfigured—not a vestige left of her former beauty, she looked on with dread to his return, fearing his feelings towards her might undergo a change. But I hear that, on the contrary, he seems more attached to her than ever, and his every look and action are attentions to show her that her misfortune has but made her more dear to him."

Tears rose in Margaret's clear hazel eyes as she found words to reply.

"That is *true* love," she cried, with enthusiasm—it is so that I want to be loved. I care little for the affection which springs from mere admiration of beauty only. Phœbe, if I could but meet with *such* love —such a lover!"

She rose as she spoke, and her friends parted for the night.

On the morrow Margaret woke with a strange oppression in her head, a pain in her face, and a stiff neck; it was evident she had caught a severe cold at the party the night before. Though feeling very miserable, she rose and began to dress. Going to the glass to arrange her hair, she was shocked at the image it presented to her. This disproportionate swelling of one cheek had entirely destroyed the fair oval of her face; her eyes were dull and languid, and the color had fled from her cheeks to find a lodging-place in her nose. While she was still gazing at herself in consternation, Phœbe entered the room.

Margaret drew her attention, exclaiming, "Did you ever see such a fright?"

Phœbe burst out laughing, and answered emphatically, "Never! Oh, Maggy, if your lovers could but see you now, what a fine chance to test the strength of their affection!"

She spoke in the merest jest; but the idea seemed to take hold of Margaret's mind. A wild project had entered her head, which she was determined to carry out. Cousin Phœbe was easily persuaded to enter into her plan, and became chief aider and abetter therein.

For about two weeks Margaret's cold, which was a very severe one, confined her to her room; during this time Phœbe's mind sionally saw, and replied in person to the inquiries of the two anxious lovers, who, on hearing of Miss Nesbitt's illness, daily called to ascertain the state of her health. I am sorry to say that Phœbe, with wanton cruelty, and little regard for truth, constantly represented that illness to be of the most serious nature; and the daily visit of two physicians gave confirmation to her statement.

In course of time, however, Miss Nesbitt was pronounced convalescent. Both lovers heard the good tiding with apparent delight, and on the following day, Mr. Myers entrusted to Phœbe's care the following note—to be conveyed to her cousin—he waiting for an answer:—

CHARMING MISS NESBITT—I have suffered unspeakable anxiety on your account. When may I hope to see you? I am impatient to whisper to you a secret which has long hovered on my lips. Dearest Margaret, can you not grant me an interview at once, I beseech you.

Ever most faithfully yours,
HAMILTON MYERS.

Margaret returned for answer the following hurried lines:

"I will see you this evening at half-past eight o'clock—but prepare yourself to find me much changed by my illness.

It was already late when these words were written, and but an hour was allowed to our heroine to prepare her toilet to receive her lover. It was commenced at once; and it must be confessed was rather a singular one. In the first place, she withdrew all her rich hair from her face, and hid it beneath a close-fitting cap, which disguises ladies wear in time of illness compels them to have the hair shaved from the head. Next a loose wrapper of unbecoming style, and of a make which completely hid the figure, was donned. So far had the toilet proceeded, when Phœbe entered the room; staring at the odd figure before her, she laughed long and merrily.

"You fright! you Medusa!" she cried; "you are enough to scare away the crows, let alone your lover! Never fear but your trick will succeed."

"I hope not yet *donc*," cried Margaret, laughing as heartily as her friend. "Pray get me a raw beef rest from the kitchen—I have my saffron leaves here."

The beef was soon procured; and Margaret proceeded, amid peals of laughter from both herself and cousin, to dye the tip of her nose a dark red with the beet juice, and to stain her pearly skin yellow by rubbing on a few leaves of saffron. She next produced a small green patch, which she placed over one eye, as though she had had the misfortune to lose it through her illness, and her toilet was complete. When we add, however, that she was still pale from her late indisposition, and her face yet slightly disfigured by the swelling which had not entirely subsided, the reader will have no difficulty in realising that she did look, as Phœbe said, like a perfect fright.

Before this unique toilet was entirely made, a ring at the door announced the arrival of the impatient lover. Margaret delayed to have one more hearty laugh with her cousin, and then proceeded to receive downstairs. As she opened the parlor door, Mr. Myers sprang forward to meet her. He gained the middle of the room, and then stood as if spell-bound. Margaret advanced with grave self-possession, and extended her hand. The courtly Mr. Myers had not even presence of mind enough to take it.

"I fear I intrude, my dear injured," said Margaret, in a tone of concern (she was something of an actress, and fully equal to the part she had undertaken): "I see you are shocked—I thought I had prepared you for the alteration in my appearance. Did you not receive my note this afternoon?"

"No—yes—I don't know," began Mr. Myers, so much confused that he did not know what he was saying. He was engaged in now glancing furtively at the fright before him, and then looking hastily away. At last partial self-possession returned to him. He seized his hat, stammering something about his time being short, and took leave.

"I trust you will not go till you have told me the secret you were so anxious to communicate," said Margaret, mischievously, managing to cut off his retreat to the door. "It is not a very gray evening and make me the confidence you desired."

Poor Mr. Myers looked really alarmed.

"Not to-night—not to-night," he exclaimed, evidently fearful of the effect an avowal and finding his attempts were frustrated by Margaret's manœuvres. "It was a mere trifle—quite a mistake—any other time will do."

And at last gaining the door by a swift and dexterous movement, he fairly fled before the advancing Medusa, who still perfectly enjoyed the revenge on him for the promised secret. As the hall door closed on him, Margaret's merry peals of laughter brought her cousin to her side; and the whole story was faithfully related for Phœbe's amusement. While the merriment of the giddy girls was at its height, and Margaret was just showing how Mr. Myers tried to whisper, a ring at the door announced another visitor.

"There! that is surely William North—your other admirer," cried Phœbe.

Margaret's merriment suddenly ceased; she grew very pale, and turned to fly precipitately to her own room. Thither she went, only pausing on the stairs long enough to decide by the sound of his footsteps that it was indeed Mr. North. Phœbe followed her. In vain Margaret endeavored to affect the comic nature of her late merry humor. Her uncontrollable agitation revealed even to the unsuspecting Phœbe that the question she was now about to test was to her a far different one from the last. Perceiving this, she sought to divert her friend from her intention. But Margaret was determined to carry her whim out—saying, "If it were fair for one, it is fair for the other—the love is worthless that will not bear my test."

She desired Phœbe, however, to go down and see Mr. North, inform him of her intention of receiving his visit, and prepare him for a change in her appearance. Phœbe soon returned from her errand; and then Margaret, gathering up her fortitude and composure, descended the stairs. Notwithstanding the amusement she had derived from Mr. Myers's precipitate retreat, its lesson had not been lost upon her; she trembled for the result of her wild stratagem—for though unconfessed to all, even to herself, the secret of her heart now revealed itself to her, by the tumult which agitated her bosom when she thought of how much she had staked on that venture.

On reaching the parlor door, she paused with her hand on the lock—she wished for one moment more to calm the beatings of her heart, but while she yet lingered, the lock turned beneath her hand, and William North stood before her face to face. Involuntarily, Margaret sought to conceal her disfigured countenance in her hands; but she was too late; Mr. North had seen all. With a tenderness, such as he had never yet manifested towards her, he drew her arm within his and led her to a sofa—telling her of the anxiety he had suffered on her illness, and of his thankfulness and joy in her recovery. Other words he said of still tenderer import, but Margaret scarce understood—scarce heard listen to them; she was saying to herself over and over again: "He has not yet seen me—he will change when he sees me!" So entirely had her feelings entered into the struggle she had assumed, that she actually forgot that she was playing a part.

The blessed words she dared not accept as hers were still falling on her ear, and at last she exclaimed in desperation: "Stay—you have not yet looked at me! I am greatly changed. Pray—pray know the worst!"

It is true that hitherto, from a motive of delicacy, William had refrained from looking at Margaret's altered face; but he now turned his eyes full upon her, saying in his cordial, manly way: "Margaret, there is no *worst* to me, where you are concerned. Changed—altered as you may, you will ever be to me best—dearest. Do not weep, my love—your face, though it was pleasant to look upon, did not gain my affections; they were won by something better—your noble, generous nature, which is still left you, and of which no misfortune can deprive you. Dear Margaret, tell me that I have not loved in vain."

But Margaret was unable to speak, so vigorously was she weeping—happy, blissful tears they were; but they compelled her to fly from the apartment to regain her composure. On reaching her own room, however, she lost not a moment in flinging from her the disguises which disfigured her. The red disappeared from her nose, the yellow from her teeth, and the patch from her eye in a marvellously short space of time. Her rich, beautiful hair was released from the ugly cap, and folded simply round her elegantly formed head. A white robe replaced the shapeless wrapper; excitement had brought a bright color to her cheeks; but the tears were yet sparkling in her clear brown eyes, as she re-appeared before her lover.

William North was pacing up and down the room when she entered; she approached him unperceived, and laying her hand on his arm, looked up in his face. He turned and gazed at her in astonishment. Never had she looked so perfectly lovely. Tears and smiles—tenderness and merriment were struggling for mastery in her bright face.

"Forgive me, William," she said, in a low sweet voice, full of tenderness—"forgive me for this serious, perhaps—but one I can never regret, since it has revealed to me how manly and generous is the love of a truly noble heart. How glad I am not to be indebted to accept the affection you showed yourself so capable of making, since, at best I am not worthy of such love as yours."

As Mr. North's circumstances were such as to justify his immediate marriage, and as there was no reason for his engagement with our heroine being kept a secret, it was soon generally known; and it was as usual, made a topic of much conversation for a day or two. Hamilton Myers, among others, was discussing the subject the morning after the engagement "came out." He was standing with a group of young men at the corner of the street, and had just said: "Well, I wish North joy of his bargain; for I can attest, from ocular demonstration, that the fair pretty Miss Nesbitt is at present a perfect fright—a mere wreck. I tremble when I think of the escape I have myself had; for I was nearly caught, I assure. Never saw anybody so much changed by an illness in my life! Why she has lost all her teeth, and her hair, and one eye; her nose was as red as an old toper's, and her skin the color of a dandelion—she looked like a caricature of one of the witches in Macbeth. 'Pon honor, I feel like a man who has just escaped being caught and shackled by an ogress."

So far had Myers volubly proceeded in his description, when one of his companions touched him—he turned, and saw close beside him Miss Nesbitt leaning on her lover's arm, and looking more beautiful than he had ever seen her. Mr. North had delayed her a moment to speak to an old friend who had just been recognised in the group; and while he was doing so, Margaret had time to say to Myers, with a malicious smile, her bright eyes dancing with merriment: "I fear it is too late for you to confide your secret to me, Mr. Myers; but perhaps with my resemblance to witches I am also endowed with enough of their attributes to tell you that you might have been enough of that fluid to moisten the ashes and fill them with a new and lovelier face to revert them into paste. I threw several handfuls into your spot where the enemy was at work. Of course I watched the result curiously and anxiously. After a day or two I observed that there was a considerable stir in the fowl blooches in the squash bed. I made a careful inspection, and found that the accurants had retreated. After that I kept up the treatment wherever I saw indications of a new attack. But I had no occasion for so severe exercise on this account. The result was that from a dozen vines in the ground in the fall I had over one hundred nice squashes. Last summer I did better, and had only a similar bed of Marblehead squashes, and with even better success, because I began earlier. So I think the remedy may be relied on.

CROSS PLOWING.—This method of preparing the soil for seed is not only very common but very important. Many farmers know who have tried it. There is no doubt of its importance to certain kinds of soil and under proper conditions; but there are other important matters for the farmer to consider before he runs the cross plow. One is the spring to cross plowing sward under any circumstances. The best time without question, to break sward ground is in the fall, and that with a heavy coating of manure to plow in. The glebe should be cut about three inches deep—and the sward be well and evenly turned. You cannot afford to hurry this work. Better plow a quarter of an acre a day thoroughly and well, than an acre poorly. Let it lie through the winter, and then put a medium weight harrow, and not a cross plow upon it. And let the harrowing be first lengthwise several times in a place, then crosswise, increasing the weight of the harrow, until you are enough to touch the partly rotten sward underneath. You can hardly work ground too much, but a harrow is the best thing to use on sward land than a cross plow. But stubble ground may be often plowed to great advantage. If it is first plowed in the fall run the plow across it in the spring as soon as the ground is dry. Or it is first plowed in the spring—which we think is better—then it will pay to cross plow. We are sure that any kind of seed will root much easier and consequently grow quicker and firmer, if ground that has been well worked over, to say nothing of the time and labor spared with the hoe on the ground not well prepared for the seed. Plow new ground deep. Use a harrow freely. Plow old ground at a medium depth; cross-plow well, and use the harrow lightly.—*Golden Rule.*

FARM AND GARDEN.

CLEANSE THE MANGER.—The mangers of horses, cows, and oxen, when supplied with cut fodder and meal, frequently become offensive and inconvenient for the proper position of the wool meal that adheres to the corners of the feed box. This is likely to be the case especially when animals do not lick the corners entirely clean. If a small portion of feed is allowed to remain in the manger only a portion of a warm day it will become sour, and the offensive effluvia will taint the manger, so that an animal will often refuse to eat his accustomed allowance, unless compelled by severe hunger. It is customary to manage mangers is to scrape the corners from at least once per day, removing every particle of rejected food. Then if the manger does not annoy smell as a tainted one, the corners be washed out with hot water, wiped clean, and a handful of caustic, slacked lime be sprinkled in the angles. If mangers are kept clean they will seldom become offensively sour. If an animal leaves a portion of his feed, a new mess should never be given on the rejected food.

THE VALUE OF MULES.—Those farmers whose possessions are large and who depend largely upon hired labor have long since found that a team answers as well shod, as strong, mules. They are not only worth more intrinsically as work stock, but possess many other qualities tending to increase their value. In enumerating a few of the qualifying that recommend this animal to make him a general favorite wherever tried, we would enumerate first the early maturity and the ease with which he learns the duties he is expected to perform. He eats largely and is fed and fed and will do well on less grain than will his sire. Another recommendation is that he is ready for service when but a lad. Whether to be large or small he has a cash value, is a staple commodity and can always be disposed of. We have "plug horses" in all the cities. Not that they will be dignified by being called a "cotton mule," if large, he is wanted on the sugar plantation or about the factories of cotton and other manufacturing centres; and wherever bone, strength, muscle, activity, and endurance are wanted, he has value.

A WRITER in the *Louisiana Farmer* says that, in a recent conversation with an experienced chicken grower, "he informed me that he had been very successful in conquering that pestilence that has swept off his stock by the application of air-slaked lime. As soon as a chicken manifests any ailment he confines his chickens in a box, one at a time, filled only large to contain the bird, and places a coarse piece of sacking or bagging over the top. Upon the top of this he places the pulverized lime, and lays the screen sufficiently to cause the lime to fall through. This lime dust the bird will much changed by an and in a short time the cause of the gapes is thrown out in the form of a slimy mass of mucus of several inches in length, which is the windpipe and smaller sig vessels. This remedy he considers superior to any he has ever tried, and he seldom fails to effect a perfect cure. He also applies the same mechanical means by which it is attempted to dislodge the Entozoons with instruments made of whalebone, and has succeeded in the belief that people are quite as certain to push the gape-worm further down the throat of the fowls as to draw them out."

SQUASH BUGS.—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says: "Two years ago I had a fine lot of Hubbard squash planted in my garden, and was anticipating an abundant yield, when suddenly I observed that on there patches in which the leaves began to turn yellow and then wither, and upon examination I found them covered with this most annoying pest. I immediately began trying plaster, ashes, and other things, but to no purpose. They were too numerous and the vines too far gone to admit of any destruction by hand. I was about giving up the battle, when I conceived the idea that I would try what virtue there was in kerosene. I took a pan of ashes (holding perhaps six qts) and sprinkled the lamp oil upon it, and believe I had enough of that fluid to moisten the ashes and fill them with a strong odor. I then proceeded to vert them into paste. I threw several handfuls into each spot where the enemy was at work. Of course I watched the result curiously and anxiously. After a day or two I observed that there was a considerable stir in the fowl blooches in the squash bed. I made a careful inspection, and found that the accurants had retreated. After that I kept up the treatment wherever I saw indications of a new attack. But I had no occasion for so severe exercise on this account. The result was that from a dozen vines in the ground in the fall I had over one hundred nice squashes. Last summer I did better, and had only a similar bed of Marblehead squashes, and with even better success, because I began earlier. So I think the remedy may be relied on.

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About a Little May-Flower.

BY THE REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"Tut! tut! What's this? What's this? A little green May-flower, as I live! Why, I believe I have blown its blanket off. Really, I'm getting too boisterous. Why, you dear little thing, I'll give you just one lovepat, and then cover you up again." And the South Wind bent over the crib of little May-flower, whose blanket of soft brown leaves she had blown off, gave her just a pat or two, hummed a round sort of cheerily, and was going to tuck her up again.

"Oh! Miss South Wind, don't cover me up. I have had this warm, sticky blanket on all winter. Just let me get up and shake myself." And little May-flower, as she spoke began to lift a pair of green leaves, like a sleepy bird, who yawns and stirs its wings.

"No, no! my dear. Don't you want me to cover you up? It's really too early to wake now. It's only the middle of March. Jack Frost will come along all of a sudden, I dearie; and oh! oh!"—the motherly Miss South Wind gave a long sigh, as if she meant something dreadful. "Oh! oh! He has just the sharpest, spitefullest pair of tweezers, and he'll nip your nose off. I don't know but he'll nip the life out of you."

But little May-flower shrugged her glossy little shoulders; and I can't say whether it was just a wrinkle to hear leaves she gave or an absolute pout. "I don't want to be covered up," she murmured. And gentle Miss South Wind, seeing it was of no use to argue, gave her a loving kiss, patted her fondly, fetched a sigh from the depths of her warm heart, and off she went with a soft whirr of her wings.

Little May-flower enjoyed her freedom very much. "Open-air life," she said, always did agree with me. I can't bear to be housed up. I must have my fresh air and have it all the time." The weather kept warm quite a while. The pines shook out their stiffened tassels and sang pleasantly all day to one another in the mild southerly airs. The solemn old crows sat on the highest boughs in the sunshine and their wicked eyes kept winking, winking, winking, as much as to say to each other: "Don't you know? Just hold on a few days! There'll be corn down there in the fields for us to pick up! Caw! Caw! Caw!" And a ferocious chorus they set up together, the villains.

There was a little brook just below, and it seemed to feel the genial spell that prevailed. Oh! it grew so fast those warm days. "This weather does me a heap of good," it said. "I'm a good deal bigger than I was." And off it went, chuckling and laughing and sparkling and splashing and rattling and jumping. Everybody thought it had gone mad. Not a bit like the quiet, dignified stream that people found there in the summer.

But, dear me! How can I tell it! I guess I'll try to. One day that awful Jack Frost came along. He must have been in a barber shop at the North Pole, for his hair was powdered with snowflakes, his face was freckled with frost-crystals, his coat was studded all over with hail stones, and he stamped along on two icicles. I know he had a lump of ice for a heart, the mean, cold-natured thing. He came to the brook. "I will stop this!" he said. And he just laid a thousand of white marble all up and down the stream.

He froze up the tassels of the pines, and he made the old crows chatter in the cold till their bills came pretty near dropping out. I wish they had. Good enough for the black vagabonds!

And little May-flower. What do you suppose happened? It was almost such a dreadful accident.

Little May-flower had ambitiously set her heart on getting up a spring bonnet. It was to be such a love of a bonnet," and she wanted to get ahead of all the other flowers. As I think of the fearful risk she ran, in trying to lead the fashions, it almost takes away my breath to tell of it, but there is a knight for every fair lady, even in these dull, prosy days. Who should come along but stout Mr. North Wind. He was a sort of blustering fellow and made a good deal of fuss. I must say, though, that he had a warm heart.

"If here isn't a little May-flower," he roared, for he had a considerable voice; "and Jack Frost is coming! She has been trying to get out of bed, and there is her night-cap," he said, as he spied the tip of a bud. "Some one has carried off a spring bonnet from a night-cap! But we'll forgive him. His heart was in the right place, if his eyes were not.

"Naughty, naughty puss!" he went on to say. "Did you ever hear of Jack Frost? Do you know your danger?" Little May-flower fairly shivered.

"What can I do for you?" roared Mr. North Wind. "Can't do much; but everybody can do something;" and he flew round and round and round, making a great commotion, and whisked the snow leaves over little May-flower. Jack Frost came clattering along on his icicles; but May-flower was safe as a mouse away under the haymow.

In a few weeks the weather became warmer, and for good. Then Miss South Wind came along again. "I wonder if May-flower is up," she said, for she had heard all about the story that night when she and Mr. North Wind were coquetting round the old church-steeple, and people didn't know what to make of the weather, it was so variable.

"Guess I'll wake up little May-flower," she said, and rolled away the blanket. And there was her pet. Wasn't May-flower glad to see the light again?

"Oh! Miss South Wind, I'm so glad you came and woke me. If you hadn't, I believe I should have died of mildew all through the summer. The idea! Who ever knew a May-flower to do it? Too smart for that."

So Miss South Wind gave her a hug and left her. Then a sunbeam came and kissed her, and where he touched her a little blush was left behind. "There, honey," he said, "I've just touched up your spring bonnet with a bit of faint color." And, the rascal, he took another kiss.

Then little May-flower made her *debut*. She opened her bud, and lifted her new bonnet at the same time, breathing out a sweet good morning to everybody and sporting very modestly her spring colors.

"I've come," she said—nodding to the tall pines, the solemn old crows, cawing overhead, and the laughing little brook—"to stay a good long month."

But oh! she did not come so near losing her life, through her impatience and imprudence! I have hardly had strength to tell the story.—*Independent.*

THE too great desire of speaking is a sign of folly.

THE SPRING BIRD.

Dear little blue blue bird,
Herald of spring
Swallow this cough drop—
Poor little thing
Warbling so hoarsely,
Of April's approach;
Hunting around for a
Bronchial troche.

Poor little blue bird,
Don't you go off:
Tie up your little neck,
Double that cough,
Stop April violets,
Kissed by the breeze,
Will shiver and wince as they
List to your sneeze.

Don't be discouraged yet,
Herald of spring!
Shake all the icicles
Off from your wing!
Who knows what wonders
Cough cure may do;
Sing, little blue bird—
"A-chee! A-chee!"—*Hawkeye*

ROMAN ROADS.

The Romans had three kinds of roads; the military, which were under the control of the praetors, and were called praetorian; the commercial, which were governed by the consuls, and were called consular; and the by, or vicinal roads, which were only about branches from the military or consular roads. The praetorian roads were exclusively devoted to purposes of state, and although often running by the side of the consular roads, were always kept distinct.

The military roads were at least 60 feet wide, arched in the centre, with a footway upon each side, just over every 10 feet stood a block of stone for riders to mount their horses from. The consular roads, which were superior in magnitude to the praetorian, had a raised footway in the centre, and were carried as far as possible in straight lines. The materials of which these roads were composed were such stone as the locality afforded, laid upon broken granite, and united with the mixture known as Roman cement; and so firmly was this pavement built, that in some places where the original stones have washed away, the stone surface still endures and sustains the ordinary traffic. The expense of keeping these roads in repair fell upon the districts through which they passed, each district being responsible for its own portion; and in order to prevent mistake, the name of the responsible person for each portion was cut upon the stone milestone.

Near Lyons there exists a Roman road in its original state; it is composed of flint stones not larger than hen's eggs, embedded in cement from 12 to 15 feet deep, and this having lasted 1,000 years, is now as compact as marble.

The Romans hammered their pavements with wooden hammers, as our laborers do now, and were careful to lay a good foundation, preferring to pave upon a bed of broken stones to soft gravel, as the sand from the latter is continually working up through the interstices of the stone, and thus lowering the foundation and loosening the pavement.

In some of the roads three strata are found; first a quantity of small stones, over this a layer of tiles or broken earthenware firmly cemented together, then a bed of mortar, and upon this the stone or brick paving, for bricks were sometimes used where stone could not be easily obtained. When Rome declined into luxurious habits subterranean roads were constructed to protect the traveler from the heat of the sun. Only a few specimens of these remain, and as they indicate the decay of the great, and most magnificent nation of the world, they are monitory memorials. Cæsar cut roads through the wild woods of Britain; and still in Berkshire, Kent, Middlesex, and Northumberland, are there traveling upon Roman foundations. Britain the last great territory acquired by Roman valor, seems to have inhaled the spirit and genius of her conquerors, and like the infant that draws sustenance from the dying parent, Britain was nursed and nourished by Cæsar to become the Rome of a future age. Great Britain became, in fact, the road-making nation; and although in strength and magnitude we have not equalled Rome, yet we excel her in the management of our roadage, and the continued stream of traffic passing through it, we have surpassed all nations.

In the days when succeeded the fall of the Roman empire, road-making, like most of the industrial arts, was neglected, and nations were content to live upon the blessings of the prodigate heirs, without adding to the store, or leaving to posterity any works of their own. The history of road-making has, therefore, few intermediate chapters, but merges somewhat suddenly from ancient into modern times. The chief object of Rome in constructing her great roads was evidently to possess easy access for her armies from every portion of her wide dominions, but when military force became second to commercial influence, this was a minor object, and modern road builders have studied the interest of the merchant rather than the soldier, and have labored to unite industrious towns, and to open channels for the superabundant resources of special localities, instead of cutting straight paths to the most distant points. This is the reason our modern roads are so much more circuitous than the ancient, and are therefore, as spectacles, less; but their utility is manifestly superior.

SO CANINE.

It was a fine equipage, and it was rolling along at a spanking pace. Under the forward axle galloped a sleek coach dog. His pace was so timed with that of the horses' that he did not appear to vary a hair's breadth in his position. He knew everybody was looking at him and admiring him, but he didn't let on that he had his head. Other dogs came out and scowled at him, but they were too discreet to attempt to interfere with him. The establishment was whirling down White street, when an ignorant dog from the country, reposing on some bags of grain, caught sight of the sleek dog galloping so composedly beneath the handsome carriage. The country dog was a lank animal, with dun-colored, tangled hair, and a desire to show off. Without the faintest hesitation he sprang from the bags and made a bee-line for the spotted snob. Whether he mistook the length of his stride or the revolution of the wheels is not known, but he had his mouth open and his teeth in readiness for a bite, when the forward wheel struck him and knocked him forward, and the off horse gave him a kick that sent him back again, and the forward wheel passed over him and turned him over, and the hind wheel climbed up on him and went grindingly down on the other side. And then the whole establishment went on just the same as before, leaving the country dog on his back in the street, sobbing with his whole heart, and thinking of green fields and umbrageous trees, and what a spatless ass he made of himself.—*Danbury News.*

THE FIEND TWIN'S DIARY.

JANUARY.—Am born. Didn't want to be. Object immediately as loud as I can. Younger brother born seven minutes later. Looks like a fool, but may improve as he mellows with age.

FEBRUARY.—Catch a cold. Give it to younger brother. He's sicklier than I am. Very nearly settles him.

MARCH.—Catch a nice rash. Pass it on to the other cove. Pretty well winds up his clock.

APRIL.—They've christened us. I'm Augustus and he's Alexander. Don't he look a ass of a Alexander! I'll kick him when he sleeps.

MAY.—Got the nettle-rash. Hooray! So's he! only worse.

JUNE.—They don't think they'll be able to rear him. He's to have cod-liver oil. Can't help laughing.

JULY.—He's been squalling awful. Nurse says its his nasty temper. I know it's a pin, but I'm not going to say.

AUGUST.—We've got a new nurse, who talks to/all added/ Looks remarkable for basking in the sun. Alexander's got a blister on his nose. They dont know what it is, and they're going to give him a powder.

SEPTEMBER.—I've given him the scarlatina. He seems resigned. I've nailed his feeding-bottle.

OCTOBER.—I've got a new game now—poking Noah's wife into his ear when the nurse ain't looking.

NOVEMBER.—We're beginning to walk. He's a walker on his pins than I am, so I can shove him over easy.

DECEMBER.—I'm beginning to cut my first tooth. As soon as it's through, I've made up my mind to bite Alexander.

SUNSHINE IN THE HOUSE.

The houses of Philadelphia are provided with solid shutters to the lower stories, and almost equally solid blinds to the upper, and these are furnished with the heaviest of hinges and bolts, the whole giving the impression of a defence against an armed mob. Instead of an enemy it is the friendly sun that is shut out, and human life suffers in consequence. The heathen Japanese build far more sensibly than your average Christian. The open corridors around their houses are partially sheltered by the broad, overhanging eaves of their tiled roofs and for closing these corridors in whole or part against scorching sun or driving storm they have shutters, movable at will, to any part of the structure, and overhangings of mats. These are reasonable provisions for the exigencies of their climate.

For at least nine months of the year, in the latitude of any part of the Northern States, the sun should be considered a most welcome visitor in every home, and its presence should be studiously courted. If we have anything in the living rooms of the house liable to injury from the sunbeams, the sooner such articles are abolished the better. If in rare cases of illness the light of day must be excluded, let it be done by some temporary contrivance which may be dispensed with along with nurse and doctor, and as cheerfully. Of course temporary screens are at times needed for windows in order to secure a certain amount of privacy, although much of this seclusion is the result of a questionable change in the habits of living; but let these consist of one simple set of rolling shades of some color pleasant to the eye, and let the material be as transparent as is consistent with their intended use.

For protection against the fierce heat of the few tropical days of our climate, Italian awnings to exposed windows are a good contrivance to exclude the sun while allowing free passage to the air. These may be removed in the winter. The custom which prevails with some housekeepers of closing doors and windows in the early morning of a hot day, in order to secure coolness is most pernicious. The atmosphere thus obtained has the chill and impurity of the cellar, and is not fit for human life. There are minor possible advantages of blinds, but they rarely equal the disadvantages. Any one who has been called out of a warm bed on a stormy night to secure a refractory specimen from slamming would testify against them vigorously at the time.

If people must live indoors, the nearer their habitations approach in character to green houses the better. The old-fashioned roofed piazza is fast giving place, except in houses for summer use only, to the unobstructed terrace. This latter can be sheltered by Italian awnings from the rays of the noonday sun or from the evening dew, or it can be provided with a light wooden framework to support a canvas cover that can be easily rolled back, like the awning over a city shop front. On the score of expense, these useful devices are not much more economical than the universal blinds. The first cost of the latter, with additional outlays for periodical painting and repairing, will far exceed that of their substitutes. It seems rather absurd for a sensible people to spend so much money in making and glazing windows only to spend a great deal more in devices for obstructing them. To the thoughtful observer it appears that the women of America are becoming every year less fitted physically for their place and duties in the world. Men, in their attention to laws of health, are anything to what they should be, but women are lamentably wanting in healthful vigor.

A WONDERFUL NATURAL CURIOSITY.

The Bendigo *Advertiser* says: "A natural curiosity of an extraordinary character is to be seen at the Mining Registrar's office, Sandhurst. It is placed on the mantelpiece and the visitor, on entering the room and looking in that direction, sees a small bust of Shakespeare, executed in plaster of Paris, very pretty and cleverly executed landscape painting some six inches square. The foreground represents a grass plot, in the centre of which are two small ponds, out of one of which the water flows in a small stream toward a patch of rocks. A little distance beyond the ponds is a farm house, at the end and side of which is a row of tall poplar trees. Light stratified clouds, with a dash of blue, completes the picture. The perspective is almost perfect, and the lights and shades are remarkably well brought out. This is particularly seen in a cluster of rocks, which appear to have been drawn by the hand of a most skillful artist. Closer inspection of this piece of work reveals to the astonished onlooker that it is neither more nor less than a piece of slate rock, on which Nature's hand alone has developed a pretty rural scene which would not do discredit to the brush of Bavelot. This curiosity was found on the Carshalton reef, and the rock on being broken up split in such a way as to leave the face on which the picture is represented, convex. The various shades, tints and figures appear to have been formed by the trickling of water containing iron between the seams of the rock."

HERE AND THERE.

SHIGGLES says that the most thrilling tale he ever listened to was that of a rattlesnake.

THE mother whose baby took the first prize is said to feel a little mad because the judges hesitated.

A GOOD READING.—Good housekeepers hate to put off washing day. With them it is "soap deferred that maketh the heart sick."

THE times are so hard that one man says he parted with all his elegant wardrobe, except the remnants of an old waistcoat.

"I HAVE turned many a woman's head," boasted a young nobleman of France. "Yes," replied a Yalie proudly, "away from you."

PRETTY nearly all men are benevolent when it don't cost much. Tom Jones never sees poor John he would suffer but he thinks Sam Rogers ought to help him.

THE present style of weather calls to mind the remark of a sable brother, that the "ends" allers noticed that if he lived fru de month of March, he lived fru de year."

A YOUNG lady sent a poem to a British newspaper entitled, "I Cannot Make Him Smile." The editor ventures to express an opinion that she would have succeeded had she shown him the poem.

"IF you can't keep awake," said a parson to one of his hearers, "I wish you would, for why don't you take a pinch of snuff?" "I think," was the shrewd reply, "the snuff should be put into the sermon."

A MAN innocently spotted a serious and prayer by exclaiming, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, "Lord, Thou knowest I have been an awful sinner the chief among ten thousand and one altogether lovely."

"GEN'L KEN," exclaimed an old Connecticut sail, as he grasped the brawny arm of a Yale College carsman, and called the company's attention to its muscular development, "you'll make a splendid sailor, you will."

IT is rumored that a number of lawyers are about to organize themselves into a company called The National Will Contesting Company. They will contest any will, prove anything, and take all the property for their pay.

HALF the tools in the United States think they can beat the doctors at curing the sick; two-thirds of them are sure they can beat the ministers preaching the gospel; and all of them know they can beat the editors running the papers.

Our personal appearance is a matter in which our friends and acquaintances have a right to a choice whether we shall inflict upon them an exterior uncared-for and unattractive, a countenance marred by a neglected grizzled beard, or a crown guiltless of covering, half covered, or thatched with sable hairs, or whether we shall in deference to our fellows, pay due regard to our own persons, and make them presentable and acceptable in society. There are many helps for those who desire to do this, and there are some among them more acceptable than Hall's Hair Renewer and Buckingham's Dye for the whiskers. Both those preparations are kept for sale at all our drug stores, and if any of our readers are looking a little the worse for wear, we advise them to make a note of it.—*North Star, Dunville, Vt.*

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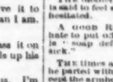

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THE FASHIONS.

For these first bright days of spring, when wraps lined and wadded are positively uncomfortable, there are many costumes shown, composed of underskirt and polonaise, or else the Breton suits with overskirts very slightly draped, and either short, half loose sacques or loosely-fitting basques with vest front. Some of the most stylish among these latter are termed

CLOTH SUITS,

and are shown in brown, olive, navy blue and dark green cloth. They are simply designed, being intended for serviceable promenade dresses, and consist of basque, long overskirt, with square cut sides and pleated backs. Fringe is not used to trim them, a hem or facing of from three to four inches in depth being preferred, above which is placed either one or two rows of wide galloon, or else five or six rows of horizontal machine stitching, this last being usually done in some contrasting color. Light blue or drab being used on navy blue, and also cardinal, while green and cream color contrast well upon olive and brown. A description of one will serve as a model. It was of pale French grey, and had a box pleated flounce on the lower skirt, above which was a row of galloon two inches wide and of a dark grey, stitched down on each edge with cardinal color. The long overskirt had a hem of four inches wide, through which were five rows of machine stitching, done in cardinal red silk. Above this was set on a row of galloon similar to that upon the underskirt and similarly stitched on each edge. The sacque fitted into the back and had long shoulder seams. A Breton vest of darker grey fitted closely over the bust in front, and the two fronts of the basque proper fell open disclosing it. Four rows of machine stitching edged neatly the basque, while a row of galloon simulated cuffs on the sleeves and trimmed the neck.

Among the more fancifully made suits are many shown in fine pin-head checks, the material being serge or delaine. One of dark green and white check was combined with dark green silk. The underskirt was of dark green silk with two knife pleatings on the edge, above which was brocaded galloon in bright colors. The long polonaise was of the check, and had a dart on each side reaching to the hem of the garment. A knife pleating of silk edges this over garment, while a plastron or long simulated vest of silk, ornaments the front of it. There is very little drapery behind, such as there is, is caught in loose puffs between bands of galloon, which have a bow and pearl buckle thereon in the centre of each. There are three of these bands of galloon.

Sleeves of the polonaise are of the silk trimmed with bands of galloon. When worn on cool days, there is a sleeveless sacque which fastens on the left side, and is double-breasted. Knife pleating of silk edges this sacque.

Handsome suits are shown in Algerine and Knickerbocker woolen goods, with raised knotted threads of brilliant colors, on cream-colored or pale grey grounds. Draperies are quite flat in the back. Quite a novel material is shown for the warm season called Gazeline and comes in navy blue and dark green. It will be used principally for polonaises over gros grain underdresses of the same shade. The trimmings for such are a transparent galloon and a self color, with here and there a bright thread intermingling and giving a certain richness and oriental effect.

For some time we have not discussed the pretty styles of fine

LINGERIE

quite lavishly imported and also made up by the best leading houses. The imported articles generally come in sets of three pieces—night gown, chemise and drawers. The prevailing mode seems to be alternate rows of fine straight or bias tucking and Hamburg insertion, or else the more expensive *Broderie Anglaise* and Torchon lace. Some of the very handsome night gowns have the entire front composed of rows of embroidery and tucking diagonally disposed, and forming a plastron in front. Many of the newest chemises have sleeves and yoke in one. This is a very comfortably fitting pattern, and one very much liked. In collars and cuffs the solid colors, brown, navy blue and cardinal worn last summer are being revived. For traveling such articles are convenient, not showing dust, etc. so quickly.

Dressing sacques of striped muslin, edged with Torchon lace, are much admired and are now regularly included in sets, when a *trousseau* is being made up.

ODDS AND ENDS

An old novelty for trimming the neck and waist for low necked bodies, and, *of course*, Parisian, consists of a garland of buds and leaves intermingled with numerous thorns, and is called appropriately '*ne touchez pas*.'

A custom prevails of wearing a scarf of tulle, passed across the top of the bonnet brought down from there around the throat and tied in a bow under the chin.

Yellow in all its shades enters largely into flowers, silk, etc., for hat and bonnet trimmings. Sultane and Mandarin are the deepest tints shown, and the latter borders on the orange.

What will we wear next? Imitation coral jewelry is being made from solidified sour milk, run into moulds, colored and hardened by heat.

Suits of checked and pin-striped silks will be much worn at the sea side this summer.

The silk circulars, worn a decade of years ago, will be revived this spring.

Black straw hats are more popular than grey or brown.

Black lace Marie Antoinette fichus are shown in several different shapes.

Reticule pockets in black and colored velvets are shown, having steel clasps and pendants.

Mask veils of cream colored tulle are much affected this month.

Torchon lace is very popular.

Thread stockings in delicate tints, pale blue and pink, with embroidered clocks are among the dainty fancies.

Plain black kid boots laced on the inside are much worn.

Smoked pearl and shell tinted pearl buttons are universally used for trimming suits.

Embroidered galloon is among the novelties.

OUR WORK TABLE

We have seen a very charming

HOOD, OR CAPELINE,

as the French term it, for a child or young person. Indeed, it might be worn in the country, or at the seaside by any one. The model was of pale pearl colored cashmere, embroidered in blue silk floss. A yard and a half of material is required, a similar quantity of silk for lining. The shape before being arranged as a hood is that of a circular two and a half deep, and about the same width. The edge all around top and bottom is cut in medium sized round scallops, which are bound with silk galloon or narrow ribbon. An embroidery pattern of daisies and a running vine is stamped above, and worked in satin and point Russe stitches. To form the hood, or Capeline, the centre of the upper side must be found, and four box plaits are laid two on a side. A cluster of ribbon bows and loops is placed directly on top, and under these pleats on the inside is sewed a casing of silk galloon, in which is run a narrow blue or else pearl-colored ribbon, which keeps it in the desired shape. A ribbon bow catches the sides together just under the chin, where is also a hook and loop. At the back just above the nape of the neck, four smaller pleats are taken, which in turn are held in place by a cluster of ribbon loops and ends. A more graceful looking head covering could not be found, and its simplicity also recommends it since it is easily made at home. For embroidery braiding may be substituted, and if red cashmere is preferred to the more delicate tints in making it up, we suggest white linings, and white embroidery or braiding. These hoods are much worn at the sea side by the French ladies and are found very serviceable and comfortable there.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS

MRS. MC—L, Tenn.—1st. Yes, the combination of silk and wool will again be used during the present and also coming season. There is a new method also introduced of having the two wide widths in silk, either of the polonaise or overdress. We think you can, in this last mentioned manner, utilize your plain purple and checkered purple and grey silk. If you choose to use the latter for a combination with grey cashmere it will be quite appropriate too. 2d. You can certainly wear your handsome lace shawl. Drape it somewhat Dolman fashion, that is the newest method of wearing them. A bow of ribbon in the centre of the back, near the waist, holds it in place and gives the desired shape.

ANNIE K.—Your Gipsy bonnet, of chips, left over from last summer, with a very little pressing and stiffening, can be made to do good service for a time. The shape of these bonnets has altered but a very little indeed.

L. MARIE BROWNE, St. Louis, Mo.—The black silk suit had better be made with a long square overskirt and fan-shaped train. Cuirass basque with postillion ends, and a flat fan-shaped pleating down the centre of the back to match the fan shaped train. Coat sleeves to the elbow with knife-pleated ruffle from thence, or two overlapping ruffles. The front of your dress may be trimmed with diagonal folded scarfs of silk edged with deep fringe.

NINON.

YOU MUSTN'T STAY SO LATE!

The clock was loudly chiming
Upon the mantel shelf,
While Love was gently rhyming
A song to please himself.
It broke upon the silence,
The oracle of fate,
While some one softly whispered,
"You mustn't stay so late!"

In vain the warning finger,
In vain the silver chime,
Where we're disposed to linger
We take no note of time.
And so I kept on talking
Unto my charming Kate,
Despite her admonition,
"You mustn't stay so late!"

Detaining by her glances
Affectionately bright,
Though morning swift advances,
How can I say good night?
And though I would not grieve her,
Nor sorely create,
I seldom heed her chiding,
"You mustn't stay so late!"

'Tis Kate I mean to marry,
Despite her chiding "no,"
And so I'm free to tarry
Whene'er she bids me go.
For should I be submissive,
She'd quickly change her tone,
And say, "You do not love me!
What makes you go so soon?"

ONE OF THE POETS

BY MARY RUSSELL.

PART I.

"What a sweet little poem! And you wrote it all yourself, and for me?"

The girl looked up with a flush of pleasure brightening the delicate pink on her child like face, and then she added gently: "Thank you, my good Willis!"

A vivid red shot into the pale, dark cheeks of the boy poet.

"I am glad if—you like it," he stammered, "but it's not worthy the object, Miss Gertrude, I was ashamed to offer it."

"O, you foolish boy, I'm not half so good and beautiful as you have made me in this little poem. I didn't know, though, that you were a poet, Willis. Why don't you leave the rough farm work and go to college and try to be a great one like Bryant and Longfellow?"

"If I only could!" said the youth with a gasp of hope, then dejectedly, "but I can't; my uncle would never listen to such a thing."

"Can't?" laughed the dainty little maiden. "Why, a brave boy can do anything. Just think of the poor boys that have made themselves great and learned men that have written their names high up on the canopy of fame where they shine like the stars in Heaven."

Willis Thornton's sensitive soul took fire in an instant; his breath came quickly; his dark face glowed.

"Miss Gertrude," he replied in a low voice, "I have dreamed of such things; but I have never dared to hope. Do you think it would be possible for me to become learned and great?"

"Indeed, I do," answered the young girl earnestly. "You have genius, ambition, and will—the invincible trio that conquers fate and the world."

"Ah, Miss Gertrude, you are the first one that ever bade me hope. You have given me a light in the darkness. A path seems opening before me. The blackness and hopelessness are like a mist rising away, away and disclosing the green plains and sunlit mountains."

He flushed with enthusiasm; his eyes looked straight ahead, over and beyond the busy harvest fields that lay all about them, to the delectable land of Hope.

Gertrude Derby glanced up half-admiringly from under her soft, curling lashes. How very romantic! This dark, poetical youth with his smouldering ambitions and dreams which her simple words had fanned into a flame. Perhaps it would prove a Promethean flame and become one of the world's future lights, she thought.

From her sunny outlook all things seemed possible. She knew not of the black skies that stretched beyond her own rosy horizon; for she was very young, and life was still wrapped in the beautiful veil of romance.

There was a moment's silence, then Gertrude came forward and held out her hand.

"We leave on the noon train, papa and I, and probably there will not be another opportunity to mention these things. Thank you for your faithful services, and again for this sweet little poem. And Willis, some time in the coming years, I shall look for your name among those of the wise and honorable of the land."

For one moment the dimpled hand of this pretty child rested in his, the next he was helping her to mount the dappled pony that he had been holding in readiness for her, and silently he placed the reins in her hand.

Poor fellow; something seemed choking him. He could not speak, and there was so much that he longed to say in that last moment.

He watched her as she cantered down the pleasant country road under the sheltering foliage of the summer woods; a little fairy she seemed with her yellow hair floating backward like a golden banner. Poor Willis thought that the angels with Heaven's own glory around their heads could not be more radiant.

To him this little maiden with the breath of a higher, finer atmosphere about her, had been a revelation of beauty, grace and goodness. She was such a contrast to the ruddy country lasses that romped and laughed so boisterously, and openly made sport of his sharp elbows, short pants and long legs, for, truth to tell, the lad was both long and lean, and the set of his coarse clothing was something comical to behold; but she had never appeared to see these things, and had always treated this country boy with a gentle consideration quite rare and charming in one so young.

He stood for a long time gazing down the road from which she had disappeared, and might have stood much longer in the same fruitless occupation, with all manner of wild, improbable hopes firing his imagination had not a somewhat rough and decidedly practical voice recalled him to the real and commonplace.

"Well, youngster, ain't it 'bout time you was givin' the boys a lift in the fields? Such work don't suit your gintleman's proclivities as well as bein' lackey to them air high flyers?"

Willis started with evident confusion and answered hastily:

"Yes, uncle, I was just going."

"Just goin' was ye? Well, if you aint the most do-less chap I ever seen! Always a moonin' round with yer head full of nonsense. The Lord only knows what ye'll ever come to."

"Uncle," said the boy, incautiously, "I know I'm not fit for a farmer; but I can learn easily, and I am going to be a student and a—poet."

"A pote? Ho' ho'!" And the old farmer fairly roared with laughter.

The boy's face was crimson, but he went bravely on:

"Other poor boys have worked and studied and become wise, and so I will."

"That'll do youngster; if ye would try for a little common-sense, instead of yer book-larnin', 'twould be more to the pint. But I ain't nothin' ter say. I've give yer the same chance along with my boys, and if our work is too rough for sich a gintleman, why take yer own; only don't come whining to me when ye find the world too many fur ye."

The boy turned away with his ardor somewhat dampened; when suddenly like an inspiration came her words:

"Sometime, in the coming years, I shall look for your name among those of the wise and honored of the land."

PART II.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The door of the little log school-house burst open and out rushed the noisy urchins. Pell-mell they came; big boys first, with sturdy little fellows sandwiched among them; then more little fellows, each catching up and throwing back in his shrill treble that glad shout of freedom; even the girls, who came last and more decorously, waved their bright-colored tippets, and cried, "hurrah! hurrah!"

Such a volume of suppressed life and activity! How did the pale school-master ever keep it within bounds during six mortal hours each day? Why, it seemed as though it would have blown the stout oak logs and puncheons of the school house into sky-rockets, and the slim master along with them. It certainly accomplished the astounding feat of waking up Deacon Dobson's old horse, which happened to be jogging along at that moment. He frisked his stumpy tail in affright and his stiff legs rattled into a wild trot. This sudden increase of momentum gave a terrible creak to the Deacon's neck and sent the molasses and vinegar jugs rolling helplessly over the sleigh-bottom, while the half-dozen new milk-pans set up a lively dance and clatter.

"Out-ra-geous!" cried the irate Dobson, shaking one fist at the laughing children, while he pulled at the lines with the other. "Sich goin's on has got to be stopped at that air school!"

One moment more and the angry man and gleeful children had disappeared. Only the faintest echoes of laughter and shouts and imprecations lingered about the old school-house. When even these had subsided and a great stillness and deadness had settled down over the place, the school-master sank into his chair with as glad sense of freedom as that evinced by his unruly flock. Quickly placing his hand in his bosom, he drew forth a letter, a dainty-looking epistle with a plain monogram on the upper, left hand corner and a foreign post-mark on the right hand one. He examined it minutely, lingering tenderly over each delicate stroke of the plainly written address. All day that bit of paper had lain over his heart, imparting life and warmth to his frail, thinly-clad frame, and filling his imagination with ecstatic anticipations.

The mischievous urchins were not slow in discovering the master's pre-occupation, nor in taking due advantage of that happy circumstance. Slyly, at first, idle Tom had torn a corner off his copy-book, and fashioning it into a spit ball, shied it at lazy Bill, who, on the bench behind the stove, was nodding over his book. Spat the ball struck against the stove-pipe with a sound that made Bill jump and drop his book, and that caused each pair of sharp, little ears to prick up with lively interest. Only the master was oblivious. In a few minutes bits of sticky paper were whirling thickly through the air from all sides; they clung to the ceiling; they spatted against the stove-pipe; they just missed the master's nose. Idle Tom had become a pattern of industry. He boldly tore whole sheets from his copy-books; his jaws worked; his cheeks puffed out; his little body bristled with animation. Before the teacher had became alive to the situation, the entire school was in a state of effervesence quite beyond his power of settling for that day at least.

With a wild longing he waited for the noon-hour in which to peruse his precious letter; but when that time came, a little Miss Pry discovered him cautiously drawing it forth from his bosom. Instantly a studious mood fell upon her. She seized a book in one hand, and still retaining a large piece of bread and butter in the other one, she advanced upon him. Placing her finger on no particular word but fastening her eyes on his particular letter she demanded, "What's that?"

After some search, one of the longer words was found, and patiently pronounced several times by the teacher. Still, the little Miss lingered near, until the master, with a faint sigh, replaced his letter and waited longingly for freedom. Now that freedom had come, but he still dallied with his sweet morsel, feeling it almost a sacrilege to break the seal that her dear hands had fastened.

The envelope was opened at last and he drew forth a dainty sheet with a faint breath of wood-violets clinging to it. As he did so, a card slipped out and fell to the floor. He picked it up hastily and examined it. On the lower edge was engraved the name, *Gertrude Derby*, while on the body of the card, that name was mingled with and its identity lost in another's.

A great darkness suddenly filled the school-room. The master thought, in a dazed way, that the night had come. Poor fellow, the sun was still shining upon the hill-tops. It was the night of hope that had come.

Here, then, after full twelve years, we see, in the district school-master, our youthful poet. We also see that the common sense, which his uncle bespoke for him then, is evidently somewhat lacking or he would not have gone on through all these years building his hopes upon a dream so wild that nowhere outside the shadowy realm of fiction could it possibly have a realization. The pretty child who beckoned him upward, had been actuated by a glowing imagination which tinged all things with the rose colors of romance. As years went on and time slowly lifted that beautiful veil and disclosed many of the sombre realities and sharp outlines of life even in her ways of pleasantness, her heart cherished that summer idyl because it marked a beautiful epoch in her own life. She retained an interest in the ambitious youth, and several years afterward learned that he had struggled into college. Understanding more fully the difficulties that beset his way, she occasionally sent him a little note of approbation and encouragement. I dare say the gentle girl never imagined how much these notes tended to keep his heart warm through the chills of adverse fate, nor how they fed the wild hopes of this poor dreamer's life.

Willis' nature was such that life was indeed a bitter struggle to him. He was brave in self abnegation and endurance, and bore with unflinching stoicism the ills and discomforts of his poverty-striken condition; but he shrank pitifully from the sneers and ridicule of his companions, and every nerve quivered with pain. Had he boldly acknowledged his poverty and showed that he was indifferent to it and their ridicule, his fellow-students would soon have desisted, and might even have felt a certain respect for his condition. But he tried to hide it, and in the hiding made it the more apparent and vulnerable. I would like to record how, in the end, this forlorn boy put to shame his tormentors by the force of his bright intellect and sturdy independence; but I cannot, at this point, stray from the facts.

He was indeed a ready scholar, yet he never appeared to advantage. His self-consciousness and sensitive pride were always in the way. Had he a brilliant essay to read, he no sooner arose than he felt the eyes of all directed to some thread-bare portion of his apparel. They burned into his flesh; he blushed, and faltered, and ended in a miserable failure.

However, he graduated with his class; yet even in that great triumph he was overwhelmed with shame. He was shabby; he had no friends; he stood in the background. The poem written for the occasion was one of real merit and beauty, but it was ruined in the delivery and elicited no approbation.

After this disgrace had worn away, there remained a great joy. The stumbling block of ignorance was removed; the sweet thoughts born in his soul could come forth clothed in beautiful and correct language. They would no longer be despised, like himself, for their rough appareling.

In spite of the severest self-denial, Willis had contracted a few debts; but in less than a year's time he could save enough in teaching to liquidate these. Then the wings of his genius would be free to rise aloft. Ah, how the soul of this dreamer expanded with hope!

There was one great debt, however, which he failed to take into account and whose demands he never noticed. He had been recklessly burning the precious oil of life without duly replenishing the same. His system, always frail and delicate, had been reduced by insufficient nourishment and clothing, and the constant drain of mental and physical labor, until he appeared a very shadow. The brightness of his fine dark eyes and the vivid touch of flame on either hollow cheek told how rapidly the wick of life was burning to an end. He alone failed to see this. To be sure, he was a little weak from over-exertion, but things would be easier now; he would pick up again. So he thought.

Immediately after leaving college he had written to Gertrude, who was then in England. Seven months later we find him with her answer in his hand. While the poor master sits unheedingly, with his head upon the rough oaken desk, I will note the contents of that neglected letter.

It bears the impress of a cultured intellect and a kindly heart; it is full of wise encouragement and sweet commendation; in short, it is just such a letter as a noble, sympathetic woman would write to a poor, struggling youth like Willis Thornton. One extract I make:

"The poem sent in your last has been pronounced real poetry by a severe critic, and through his influence it will appear in *Blackwood*. So, my friend, that childish prophesy will be realized. I shall, indeed, see your name among many of the wise and honored names in literature. I scarcely know which will be the prouder, you or I! Just here I think I can be of service to you. It is very hard for even the voice of genius to make itself heard by its unaided efforts. I have friends among the *literati* both here and in my own country, and I will endeavor to procure their influence in your behalf.

"I am happy to believe that your way will not be so dark and difficult hereafter. I have long been oppressed by a grave sense of responsibility in ignorantly urging you from life's warm, green vales into the colder, lonelier highlands. The heights of fame rise dazzlingly above the humble valleys, but their ascent is indeed rugged, and many fall and die by the wayside. None should assume the responsibility of urging one thither—none but the voice of Genius calling her children upward!"

* * * * * * * * * *

In the little dwelling where the school-master boarded, the busy housewife was clearing away the supper table, with many impatient ejaculations. She was interrupted by the entrance of a neighbor, whom she eagerly welcomed, happy in this opportunity of airing her little troubles.

"Glad ter see you, Miss More; how's the old man and the youngsters? Your chores is all done, and I hain't got my table cleaned. But you ain't troubled with a boarder. It's awful tryin' as I was jest saying. Allus a waitin' an' a waitin'! But I'll jest clear away the things if he ain't here in a reasonable time, an' let him go hungry."

"Do tell!" said the neighbor, "An' what does he say ter that?"

"Oh, he wouldn't dare ter give me any sass; for no one else would board him so cheap, an' he's dirt poor. Why he ain't got clothes ter keep him warm, an' scarce a sock to his feet, till I took pity an' knit him a pair. He got red as a turkey when I give them to him, an' said he'd pay me in the spring. Sick pride is aggravatin'."

"Pride an' poverty air allus fellow travelers!" sagely remarked Mrs. More. "My boys do say he's sort of a moony chap."

Mrs. Grimes nodded emphatically.

"Jest so, you'd oughter see him a strollin' round in the cold, making up that poetry stuff o' his'n. I can't see how he can do justice to his school with his head chuck full o' sich trash!"

"That makes me think," broke in Mrs. More confidentially, "they do say as how the school is running wild. I was in ter Mrs. Dobson's when the deacon came home from town, an' he says the goin's on at that air school is a disgrace to the community, that it ain't safe to pass——"

Her sentence was here cut short by the opening of the door, and the sudden appearance of the subject under discussion.

The gossips started quietly at first; but as their glance fell upon his face a cry of alarm escaped their lips.

A very ghost the master appeared, so white and livid was he.

"It's nothing," he said, with a faint attempt at reassurance; "nothing at all, only a slight hemorrhage. I have had several this winter. It's nothing—nothing."

He repeated the word mechanically and drearily, and staggered into the nearest chair.

A better part of woman's nature sprang at once into activity. They hastened to his assistance and placed his cold hands and feet into hot water and bathed his head with camphor, stroking his temples and smoothing back his hair with motherly tenderness. The young man smiled faintly, but gratefully, and gave himself up to their care with the simplicity and satisfaction of a weary child.

The morning's light ushered in a lovely winter's day. The children were early coasting on the south hillside; but laggingly they approached the school-house. The master was not there, and the door was still locked. A lively desire to enter suddenly took possession of the urchins, and they began peering into the windows and pounding on the door. Just then Johnnie Grimes came up breathless from running.

"No school! Master's sick!"

"No school! A holiday! hurrah! hurrah!"

With glad shouts they rushed back to their sports, never thinking of the master's illness, except as a godsend to procure their freedom.

In the afternoon the little truants turned homeward with faces like ruddy winter apples, and minds somewhat perturbed as to the possible reception awaiting them. As they came in sight of the teacher's boarding place they spied the village doctor's meek little horse before the gate. Drawing near they lingered about, casting curious glances at the abode.

Presently Mrs. Grimes opened the door. She wiped her eyes with her big gingham apron and her voice was husky as she said:

"The master is dying!"

A feeling of awe creeps over the little group and pales their ruddy faces, while some of the smaller ones began to cry, more from a strange fear than any real grief.

The following day a funeral concourse gathers at that little house. It is only a stranger that lies there in state, but the dwelling is full to overflowing, for country folks feel not the calm indifference to surrounding affairs that distinguishes city people. All the neighborhood is there and deacon Dobson, standing at the head of the coffin, says in a voice of awful solemnity:

"Children, take a last look at yer poor master, who was far too good fur ye!"

Awe-stricken glances are cast at the cold, still form; the little ones sob; the big ones remember how many times they have wilfully disobeyed and worried the kind, patient teacher; and Mrs. Grimes thinks with a sharp twinge of regret that perhaps those pale cheeks would not look quite so hollow, had she always kept a warm supper for her tardy boarder.

At the grave a sweet-faced little girl, who had loved the gentle master, stepped forward and tearfully dropped a sprig of cedar upon his coffin. It was the only evergreen the poet ever received and this was a tribute, not to his genius, but to his heart!

AN ARTIST'S REVENGE.

The following anecdote is told of M. Wiertz, the celebrated German painter, who was sometimes called the crazy artist:

After having finished a portrait of the old aristocratic Countess de —— who pretended to be only thirty when nearly sixty, she refused to accept the painting, saying that it did not look anything like herself, and that her most intimate friends would not recognize a single feature of her on that piece of canvas. Wiertz smiled kindly at the remark, and as a true knight of old gallantly reconducted the lady to her carriage. Next morning there was a grand disturbance in the Rue de la Madeline. A big crowd was gathered before a window, and the following words were whispered from ear to ear: "Is the Countess de —— really in jail for her debts?" Wiertz had exercised a little vengeance toward his noble but unfair customer. As soon as she had refused the portrait, he went to work and painted a few iron bars on the picture, with these words:

"In jail for debt!"

He exhibited the painting in a jeweler's window, in the principal street of Brussels, and the effect was instantaneous. A few hours later the Countess was back in Wiertz's studio pouring invectives on him at high pressure—"to have exhibited her likeness in such a scandalous," etc.

"Most noble lady," was the artist's reply, "you said the painting did not look anything like yourself, and that your most intimate friends would not have recognized a single one of your features in the picture. I wanted simply to test the truth of your statement, that is all."

The portrait was taken away, the city laughed, the artist charged double price, and gave the amount to the poor of the city.

BE constant in what is good, but beware of being obstinate in anything that is evil; constancy is a virtue, but obstinacy is a sin.

SCIENTIFIC.

MANY physicians claim that the general prevalence of diphtheria is due in a great degree to the gas which is thrown off from coal stoves in ill ventilated rooms.

TWO very fine examples of Roman pottery kilns have just been exhumed by Mr. F. G. Papillon, of Lexden Manor, Colchester, on farm land close to Colchester Railway Station, England. The first consists of a rectangular furnace, leading to an oven or firing chamber 5 feet 3 inches long, 4 feet 1 inch wide and 4 feet high, with six transepts or side niches, three on each side; the second is of a rarer style, being circular, with a diameter of 4 feet 8 inches. The tops have fallen in, but the excellent condition of these remains renders them valuable to the Roman archæologist in Britain.

THAT plants can take on various forms, though all of a uniform parentage, is well known now to botanical students. The fact, indeed, is the foundation of theories of evolution. It is not so well known that they cannot only take on distant forms, but also very diverse habits. For instance, there are two plants of the catch-fly family—one opening its blossoms in day time (*Lychnis diurna*), the other at night (*L. vespertina*). In the time of Linnæus these opposite characters led him to distinguish them by these distinctively specific names, though, with the light he had, compared with what we have in our day, he suspected they might be the same thing. Hoffman has now proved Linnæus' suspicions to be correct, and that, though flowering at these distinctive times of day, the one form can be produced from the other.

PROFESSOR BARFF, of the Royal Academy, London, has discovered that if any iron article is exposed, at a high temperature, to the action of superheated steam, it will become covered with a film of black oxide, of a thickness which is determined by the temperature and by the length of exposure. The oxide is harder than the original iron, and adheres to it even more firmly than the particles of iron adhere to each other, so that there is a gain not only in chemical, but also in mechanical resistance. The black oxide differs totally from the oxides that are formed by the ordinary exposures of iron to atmospheric influences. It is uninfluenced not only by moist air but by other corrosive substances. If there should be any flaw in the coating, or if the black oxide is designedly removed from part of the surface, the common oxidation will occur where the iron is thus left unprotected. But such oxidation is strictly limited to the unprotected portion, and has not the smallest tendency either to spread laterally under the black oxide or to detach this from the subjacent parts.

IT is stated in the "*Bulletin Mensuel de la Societe d'Acclimatation*," that Dr. Morvan, a physician at Douarnenez in Finistere, has thought of utilizing the African locust as bait for the sardine fishery in the maritime districts of the coasts of Muncha and the Atlantic Ocean. The Doctor hopes to substitute this new bait for that employed until now under the name of roe, and the price of which constantly increasing, is injurious to the French fisherman. The locusts, cooked in salt water, are dried in the sun and ground. The powder obtained seems to make as good bait as roe. It has a dark color, like that of the pickled roe of Norway. It has all the nutritive qualities of the locust. It reabsorbs the pickle and is fatty, unctuous, and soft to the touch. Besides, it falls to the bottom of the water, resembling the flesh of crawfish and comminuted and dried fish, of which the sardines are very fond. The insect can be put up in different ways—as made into biscuit, pickled, salted, pressed, or dried in the sun. Different methods of preparation have been tried. Cooked and salted, the insects can be piled up in cakes, so as to be easily packed and transported. They can also be thrown alive pell-mell into brine and pressed. The first of these methods is employed by the Arabs. The Society of Agriculture of Algeria recommends smothering the locusts in sacks, then drying in the sun. The bait prepared in these different modes has been tried at Douarnenez, with good results. The sardines bite at them eagerly. It appears that in the bodies of a great number of sardines there has been found, on examination, the remains of locusts which the fish had swallowed. This last fact, stated officially, has well satisfied the maritime population of Douarnenez. This possibly opens up a new industry for the inhabitants of locust-ridden districts in the West, who can put up in locust years large quantities of bait for the market East.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No rejected articles will be returned to writers unless the necessary postage stamps are furnished. It is better for writers to keep a copy of their articles to insure safety, as we cannot be responsible for their safe keeping. If requested to hold them in case of rejection, we will do so, if the request is made at the time the MS. is forwarded.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—"May," "Wild flowers," "Changes."

LOU AND BESSIE (New Jersey).—For a description of masquerade suits read the Fashion Department of the POST, No. 28, dated February 3, 1877.

ANXIOUS.—We cannot in this column advertise the firms you inquire about. If the house you speak of refuse to return the article, employ some one to call on them and demand an explanation. We believe Mr. Talmage is editorially connected with the "Advance," of Chicago.

F. LAWSON (Highland Co., O.).—You can learn to be a good short-hand writer from books on the subject and by steady and long practice. The "Elements of Tachygraphy," is an excellent and comprehensive work for beginners. We can send it post paid on receipt of price, $1.75.

B. F. JUDSON AND OTHERS.—We must repeat that we cannot undertake in this column to answer questions as to where certain articles can be bought to the best advantage, or whether certain firms are in good standing, etc., etc., for the reason that they are not of general interest to the readers.

P. S. WALLACE (Columbia Co., Ga.).—You need have no hesitation in ordering any kind of dry goods from the house of John Wanamaker of this city, to be sent C. O. D. You can buy in this way just as cheaply as though you visited the store personally, as there is one uniform price to customers.

"THEODORE" (Niagara Co., N. Y.).—The hymn commencing "There is a happy land," was written in 1838 by Andrew Young, formerly head master of the city school Edinburgh, where he is still living. "Marching Along" was composed by William B. Bradbury, who died in New Jersey several years since.

THOMAS PEET, (Ionia Co., Mich.).—A regular course of instruction must be taken to fit a person for the work required of those connected with the government signal service. It embraces the use of meteorological instruments, the methods of observing and the forms and duties required at stations of observation, and for the display of storm signals. This instruction is given at the signal school of instruction at Fort Whipple, Va., and at the central office in Washington.

"CAROLINE" (Jefferson Co., O.).—It is true that many slang words and phrases are highly expressive, but this does not atone for their essential vulgarity. Delicacy should not be sacrificed to a desire to appear sprightly, which is usually the reason for the use of such terms. A girl who attracts attention by such expedients will find her admirers not of a desirable class. Better go without "beaux" than secure them by any thing which will lower self respect or the esteem of true friends.

F. WESTON, (Columbia Co., Pa.).—The word currant is said to be a corruption of Corinth, the original place whence the small fruit known as the currants of commerce, was at first bought. This fruit, however, is not properly a currant, but a small species of grape. The best varieties of currant for cultivation here are the Versailles, the Cherry (claimed by many to be the same), the Red Dutch and the White Grape. Their culture, if properly conducted within easy reach of market, may be made very profitable.

R. GRAYSON, (Berks Co., Pa.).—Coke is what remains from coal after separating its volatile matters by heat. Large quantities are produced in the process of making gas. It has less value for fuel than coal, as considerable of the combustible matter has already been extracted. A better article of coke is made in ovens or pits, in which less of the volatile matters are expelled, than in gas retorts, and the coke so made has been extensively used in England in locomotives, and also is valued in this country in connection with the working of metals.

F. G. WILLIS, (Sauk Co., Wis.).—The time required for a deaf and dumb pupil to acquire a fair common education will depend very largely upon his quickness of apprehension and general natural ability. In most of the States, seven years is the legal term for a course of instruction in the State asylums; about five years is the actual average attendance. The new system of teaching mutes to converse by observing the movements of the lips of others and imitating them is being conducted with encouraging success by some teachers. It is especially applicable to those who have once enjoyed the faculty of hearing, but lost it in early life.

L. W. G. (Cook Co., Ill.).—We regret that you should appear offended because we did not consent to point out the defects in your manuscript and show you how to remedy them and generally improve your style. While we are most kindly disposed, as editors generally are, to young writers, it is impracticable to conduct a school for their improvement. The only proper business an editor has with manuscripts is to know whether they are suitable for use in his paper, and considering that only about one out of ten which are offered is found acceptable, it will be readily seen that he has quite enough to do without going out of his own line.

H. A. WINSLOW, (De Kalb Co., Ind.).—The Alien and Sedition Laws were two Acts passed by Congress in 1798. The first gave the President power to exclude from the country such foreigners as in his judgment were dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States. The second, or Sedition Act, provided for the prosecution and punishment of any person who should conspire to hinder the execution of the laws, or who should print, utter, or publish slanderous accusations against the Government of the United States. These laws expired by their own limitation in two and three years respectively. They are now generally regarded as being ill-advised, an interfering unwarrantably with personal liberty. Your answer to the arithmetical problem is correct.

E. SMITH, (Clinton County, Penna.).—The fur of the skunk is not valued in this country, but is used for coarse clothing in Western Europe. Thousands of skins are exported thither every year. The animal is easily captured in a steel trap lightly covered at the mouth of his burrow, or in a common box trap or dead-fall. It is, perhaps, most easily handled without offensiveness when taken in the box trap, which can be plunged under water until the animal is drowned. The oil is valuable for use on leather, and the flesh is pronounced excellent eating by many who have tried it. The Indians esteem it a luxury. The bite of the animal is dangerous, frequently resulting in death from hydrophobia.

SARAH COLLINS, (Wilkinson Co., Ga.).—It is supposed that tea was first introduced into Europe by the Portuguese, some time in the Sixteenth century. It has been grown and used in China from time immemorial. Large quantities have been exported from Japan since the opening of that country to the outside world. East India has a growing production, and a small amount has been grown in Brazil. Experiments in this country begun in 1858 show that many localities in the South, and also in California, are well-adapted to tea culture, but the great obstacle is the cost of labor compared with that in China and Japan. A colony of Japanese have recently undertaken to grow tea in California, and will doubtless succeed if the obstacle named can be overcome.

YOUNG AUTHOR, (Frederick Co., Md.).—The duration of a copyright in the United States is 28 years, with a right of renewal by the author or his widow and children for 14 years more. Copyright can be secured on books, maps, charts, dramatic or musical compositions, engravings, cuts, prints, photographs and their negatives, paintings, drawings, chromos, statuary, models and designs of works of fine arts. The person to whom copyright is issued must be a citizen or resident intending to make his permanent abode in the United States. Copyright of a work by an American author can be obtained in Great Britain and Colonies by residence there at the time of publication. The fee for copyright is 50 cents to the Librarian of Congress, who records the title of the book, etc.

FRANK BOSTWICK, (Morris Co., N. J.).—The nervous trepidation you feel when facing an audience should rather encourage you than otherwise, provided, as you say, this seems to be the only great obstacle you have to overcome in public speaking. It shows that you have a somewhat sensitive, nervous organization, which is one of the essentials in eloquence. A man must be able to feel keenly, in order to make others feel. Some of the most gifted speakers always feel a degree of trepidation when commencing to speak, but after warming up with the subject this disappears, and they are able to throw their nervous force into their work. Continued practice is the remedy for your difficulty. Be careful to cultivate good health, otherwise the nervous affection may be insurmountable.